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THE  
HINDU WIFE  
AND  
THE HYMNS.

BY  
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# THE ENCHANTED FRUIT;

## THE HINDU WIFE.

‘O LOVELY age <sup>1</sup>, by *Brahmens* fam’d  
Pure *Setye Yug* <sup>2</sup> in *Sanscrit* nam’d !  
Delightful ! Not for cups of *gold*,  
Or wives *a thousand centuries* old ;  
Or men, degenerate now and small,  
Then *one and twenty cubits* tall :  
Not that plump *cows* full udders bore,  
And bowls with *holy curd* <sup>3</sup> ran o’er ;  
Not that, by Deities defended  
*Fish, Boar, Snake, Lion* <sup>4</sup>, heav’n-descended,  
Learn’d *Pendits*, now grown sticks and clods,  
Redde fast the *Nagry of the Gods* <sup>5</sup>  
And laymen, faithful to *Narayn* <sup>6</sup>  
Believ’d in *Brahmas* mystic strain <sup>7</sup>

---

A parody on the Ode in *Tasso’s Aminta*, beginning, *O bella età dell’ oro !*

The *Golden Age* of the *Hindus*.

Called *Joghrât*, the food of *CRISHNA* in his infancy and youth.

The four first *Avata’rs*, or *Incarnations* of the *Divine Spirit*.

The *Sanscrit*, or *Sengscrit*, is written in letters so named.

*Narayn* or *Na’ra’yan*, the *Spirit* of God.

The *Vayds*, or *Sacred Writings* of *Brahma*, called *Rig, Sa’m*, and *Yeiar* : doubts have  
n raised concerning the authority of the *fourth*, or *Al’herven*,

Not that all Subjects spoke plain truth,  
 While *Rajas* cherish'd eld and youth,  
 No—yet delightful times ! because  
*Nature* then reign'd, and *Nature's Laws* ;  
 When females of the softest kind  
 Were unaffected, unconfin'd ;  
 And this grand rule from none was hidden <sup>8</sup> ;  
 WHAT PLEASETH, HATH NO LAW FORBIDDEN.'

Thus, with a lyre in *India* strung,  
*Aminta's* poet would have sung ;  
 And thus too, in a modest way,  
 All virtuous males will sing or say :  
 But swarthy nymphs of *Hindustan*  
 Look deeper than short-sighted man,  
 And thus, in some poetic chime,  
 Would speak with reason, as with rhyme :  
 ' O lovelier age, by *Brahmens* fam'd,  
 Gay *Dwápar Yug* <sup>9</sup> in *Sanscrit* nam'd !  
 Delightful ! though impure with *brass*  
 In many a green ill-scented mass ;  
 Though husbands, but *sev'n* cubits high,  
 Must in *a thousand summers* die ;  
 Though, in the lives of dwindled men,  
*Ten* parts were Sin ; Religion, *ten* ;  
 Though *cows* would rarely fill the pail,  
 But made th' expected creambowl fail ;  
 Though lazy *Pendits* ill could read  
 (No care of ours) their *Yejar Veid* ;  
 Though *Rajas* look'd a little proud,  
 And *Ranies* rather spoke too loud ;  
 Though *Gods*, display'd to mortal view  
 In mortal forms, were only *two* ;

---

8. " Se piace, ei lice." *Tasso*.

9. The *Brazen Age*, or that in which Vice and Virtue were in *equal* proportion.

THE HINDU WIFE.

(Yet CRISHNA <sup>10</sup>, sweetest youth, was one,  
*Crishna*, whose cheeks outblaz'd the sun)  
Delightful, ne'ertheless ! because  
Not bound by vile unnatural laws,  
Which curse this age from *Cáley* <sup>11</sup> nam'd,  
By some base woman-hater fram'd.  
Prepost'rous ! that one biped vain  
Should drag ten house-wives in his train,  
And stuff them in a gaudy cage,  
Slaves to weak lust or potent rage !  
Not such the *Dwáper Yug* ! oh then  
ONE BUXOM DAME MIGHT WED FIVE MEN.'

True History, in solemn terms,  
This Philosophic lore confirms ;  
For *India* once, as now cold *Tibet* <sup>12</sup>,  
A groupe unusual might exhibit,  
Of sev'ral husbands, free from strife,  
Link'd fairly to a single wife !  
Thus Botanists, with eyes acute  
To see prolific dust minute,  
Taught by their learned northern *Brahmen* <sup>13</sup>  
To class by *pistil* and by *stamen*,  
Produce from nature's rich dominion  
Flow'rs *Polyandrian Monogynian*,  
Where embryo blossoms, fruits, and leaves  
*Twenty* prepare, and ONE receives.

But, lest my word should nought avail,  
Ye Fair to no unholy tale

---

10. The *Apollo* of *India*.

11. The *Earthen Age*, or that of *Caly* or *Impurity* : this verse alludes to *Ca'ley*, the *Hecate* of the *Indians*.

12. See the accounts published in the *Philosophical Transactions* from the papers of Mr. *Bogle*.

13. *Linnaeus*.

Attend. <sup>14</sup> *Five thousand* years <sup>15</sup> ago,  
 As annals in *Benares* show,  
 When *Pāndu* chiefs with *Curus* fought <sup>16</sup>  
 And each the throne imperial sought,  
 Five brothers of the regal line  
 Blaz'd high with qualities divine.  
 The first a prince without his peer,  
 Just, pious, lib'ral *Yudhishteir* <sup>17</sup> ;  
 Then *Erjun*, to the base a rod,  
 An Hero favour'd by a *God* <sup>18</sup>  
*Bheima*, like mountain-leopard strong,  
 Unrival'd in th' embattled throng,  
 Bold *Nacul*, fir'd by noble shame  
 To emulate fraternal fame ;  
 And *Sehdeo*, flush' d with manly grace,  
 Bright virtue dawning in his face :  
 To these a dame devoid of care,  
 Blythe *Draupady*, the debonair,  
 Renown'd for beauty, and for wit,  
 In wedlock's pleasing chain was knit <sup>19</sup>

---

14. The story is told by the *Jesuit* BOUCHET, in his Letter to HUET, Bishop of *Avranches*.  
 15. A round number is chosen ; but the *Calij Yug*, a little before which *Crishna* disappeared from this world, began *four thousand, eight hundred, and eighty-four* years ago, that is, according to our Chronologists, *seven hundred and forty seven* before the flood ; and by the calculation of *M. Bailly*, but *four hundred and fifty-four* after the foundation of the *Indian* empire.

16. This war, which *Crishna* fomented in favour of the *Pandua Prince*, *Yudhishtir*, suppli-  
 ed *Vya's* with the subject of his noble Epic Poem, *Maha'bha'rat*.

17. This word is commonly pronounced with a strong accent on the last letter, but the  
 preceding vowel is short in *Sengscrit*. The Prince is called on the Coast *Dherme Ra'j*, or  
 Chief Magistrate.

18. The *Geita*, containing *Instructions* to *Erjun*, was composed by *Crishna* who peculiarly  
 distinguished him.

19. *Yudhishtir* and *Draupady*, called *Drobada* by *M. Sonnerat*, are deified on the Coast ;  
 and their feast, of which that writer exhibits an engraving, is named the *Proccession of*  
*Fire*, because she passed *every year* from one of her *five* husbands to another, after a  
 solemn purification by that element. In the *Bha'shu* language, her name is written,  
 DRO'PTY.

It fortun'd, at an idle hour,  
 This five-mal'd single-femal'd flow'r  
 One balmy morn of fruitful May  
 Through vales and meadows took its way.  
 A low thatch'd mansion met their eye  
 In trees umbrageous bosom'd high ;  
 Near it (no sight, young maids, for you)  
 A temple rose to *Mahadew* <sup>20</sup>.  
 A thorny hedge and reedy gate  
 Enclos'd the garden's homely state ;  
 Plain in its neatness : thither wend  
 The princes and their lovely friend.  
 Light-pinion'd gales, to charm the sense,  
 Their odorif'rous breath dispense ;  
 From *Béla's* <sup>21</sup> pearl'd, or pointed, bloom,  
 And *Málty* rich, they steal perfume :  
 There honey-scented *Singarhár*,  
 And *Jáhy*, like a rising star,  
 Strong *Chempá*, darted by *Cámdew*,  
 And *Mulserý* of paler hue,  
*Cayora* <sup>22</sup>, which the *Ranies* wear  
 In tangles of their silken hair,  
 Round <sup>23</sup> *Bábul*-flow'rs, and *Gulachein*  
 Dyed like the shell of Beauty's Queen,  
 Sweet *Mindy* <sup>24</sup> press'd for crimson stains,  
 And sacred *Tulsy* <sup>25</sup>, pride of plains,  
 With *Séwty*, small unblushing rose,  
 Their odours mix, their tints disclose,

---

20. The *Indian* JUPITER.

21. The varieties of *Bela*, and the three flowers next mentioned, are beautiful species of *Jasmin*.

22. The *Indian* Spikenard.

23. The *Mimosa*, or true *Acacia*, that produces the *Arabian* Gum.

24. Called *Alhhiinna'* by the *Arabs*.

25. Of the kind called *Ocymum*.

And, as a gemm'd tiara, bright,  
Paint the fresh branches with delight.

One tree above all others tower'd  
With shrubs and saplings close imbower'd,  
For every blooming child of Spring  
Paid homage to the verdant King :  
Aloft a solitary fruit,  
Full sixty cubits from the root,  
Kiss'd by the breeze, luxuriant hung,  
Soft chrysolite with em'ralsds strung.  
' Try we, said *Erjun* indiscreet,  
If yon proud fruit be sharp or sweet ;  
My shaft its parent stalk shall wound :  
Receive it, ere it reach the ground.'

Swift as his word, an arrow flew :  
The dropping prize besprent with dew  
The brothers, in contention gay,  
Catch, and on gather'd herbage lay.

That instant scarlet lightnings flash,  
And *Jemna's* waves her borders lash,  
*Crishna* from *Swerga's* <sup>26</sup> height descends,  
Observant of his mortal friends :  
Not such, as in his earliest years,  
Among his wanton cowherd peers,  
In *Gocul* or *Brindáben's* <sup>27</sup> glades,  
He sported with the dairy-maids ;  
Or, having pip'd and danc'd enough,  
Clos'd the brisk night with *blindman's-buff* <sup>28</sup> ;  
( List, antiquaries, and record  
This pastime of the *Gopia's* Lord <sup>29</sup> )

<sup>26</sup>. The heaven of *Indra*, or the *Empyreum*.

<sup>27</sup>. In the district of *Mat'hura*, not far from *Agra*.

<sup>28</sup>. This is told in the *Bha'gawat*.

<sup>29</sup>. *GOPY NAT'H*, a title of *Crishna*, corresponding with *Nymphagetes*, an epithet of *Neptune*.

But radiant with ethereal fire :  
*Nared* alone could bards inspire  
 In lofty *Slokes* <sup>30</sup> his mien to trace,  
 And unimaginable grace.  
 With human voice, in human form,  
 He mildly spake, and hush'd the storm :  
 ' O mortals, ever prone to ill !  
 Too rashly *Erjun* prov'd his skill.  
 Yon fruit a pious *Muny* <sup>31</sup> owns,  
 Assistant of our heav'nly thrones.  
 The golden pulp, each month renew'd,  
 Supplies him with ambrosial food,  
 Should he the daring archer curse,  
 Not *Mentra* <sup>32</sup> deep, nor magic verse,  
 Your gorgeous palaces could save  
 From flames, your embers, from the wave <sup>33</sup>.'

The princes, whom th' immod'rate blaze  
 Forbids their sightless eyes to raise,  
 With doubled hands his aid implore,  
 And vow submission to his lore.  
 ' One remedy, and simply one,  
 Or take, said he, or be undone :  
 Let each his crimes or faults confess,  
 The greatest name, omit the less ;  
 Your actions, words, e'en thoughts reveal ;  
 No part must *Draupady* conceal :  
 So shall the fruit, as each applies  
 The faithful charm, *ten cubits* rise ;

30. Tetrasticks without rhyme.

31. An inspired Writer : *twenty* are so called.

32. Incantation.

33. This will receive illustration from a passage in the *Ramayen* : ' Even he, who cannot be slain by the ponderous arms of *Indra*, nor by those of *Ca'ly*, nor by the terrible *Checra* (or *Discus*), of *Vishnu*, shall be destroyed, if a Brahmen execrate him, as if he were consumed by fire.'



Till, if the dame be frank and true,  
It join the branch, where late it grew.'  
He smil'd and shed a transient gleam ;  
Then vanish'd like a morning dream.

Now, long entranc'd, each waking brother  
Star'd with amazement on another,  
Their consort's cheek forgot its glow,  
And pearly tears began to flow ;  
When *Yudishteir*, high-gifted man,  
His plain confession thus began.

' Inconstant fortune's wreathed smiles,  
*Duryódhen's* rage, *Duryódhen's* wiles,  
Fires rais'd for this devoted head,  
E'en poison for my brethren spread,  
My wand'rings through wild scenes of wo,  
And persecuted life, you know.  
Rude wassailers defil'd my halls,  
And riot shook my palace-walls,  
My treasures wasted. This and more  
With resignation calm I bore ;  
But, when the late-descending god  
Gave all I wish'd with soothing nod,  
When, by his counsel and his aid,  
Our banners danc'd, our clarions bray'd  
(Be this my greatest crime confess'd),  
*Revenge* sate ruler in my breast :  
I panted for the tug of arms,  
For skirmish hot, for fierce alarms ;  
Then had my shaft *Duryódhen* rent,  
This heart had glow'd with sweet content.'

He ceas'd : the living gold upsprung,  
And from the bank *ten* cubits hung.

Embolden'd by this fair success,  
Next *Erjun* hasten'd to confess :

'When I with *Aswatthāma* fought ;  
 My noose the fell assassin caught ;  
 My spear transfix'd him to the ground :  
 His giant limbs firm cordage bound :  
 His holy thread extorted awe  
 Spar'd by religion and by law ;  
 But, when his murd'rous hands I view'd  
 In blameless kindred gore imbued,  
 Fury my boiling bosom sway'd,  
 And *Rage* unsheath'd my willing blade :  
 Then, had not *Crishna's* arm divine  
 With gentle touch suspended mine,  
 This hand a *Brahmen* had destroy'd,  
 And vultures with his blood been cloy'd.'

The fruit, forgiving *Erjun's* dart,  
*Ten* cubits rose with eager start.

Flush'd with some tints of honest shame,  
*Bheima* to his confession came :

'Twas at a feast for battles won  
 From *Dhriterā'shtra's* guileful son,  
 High on the board in vases pil'd  
 All vegetable nature smil'd :  
 Proud *Anaras* <sup>34</sup> his beauties told,  
 His verdant crown and studs of gold,  
 To *Dallim* <sup>35</sup>, whose soft rubies laugh'd  
 Bursting with juice, that gods have quass'd ;  
 Ripe *Kellas* <sup>36</sup> here in heaps were seen,  
*Kellas*, the golden and the green,  
 With *Ambas* <sup>37</sup> priz'd on distant coasts,  
 Whose birth the fertile *Gānga* boasts :  
 (Some gleam like silver, some outshine  
 Wrought ingots from *Besoara's* mine) :  
*Corindas* there, too sharp alone,

34. Ananas.

35. Pomegranate.

36. Plantains.

37. Mangos.

With honey mix'd, impurpled shone ;  
*Talsans* <sup>38</sup> his liquid crystal spread  
 Pluck'd from high *Tara's* tufted head ;  
 Round *Jamas* <sup>39</sup> delicate as fair,  
 Like rose-water perfum'd the air ;  
 Bright salvers high-rais'd *Comlas* <sup>40</sup> held  
 Like topazes, which *Amrit* <sup>41</sup> swell'd ;  
 While some delicious *Attas* <sup>42</sup> bore,  
 And *Catels* <sup>43</sup> warm, a sugar'd store ;  
 Others with *Béla's* grains were heap'd,  
 And mild *Papayas* honey-steep'd ;  
 Or sweet *Ajeirs* <sup>44</sup> the red and pale,  
 Sweet to the taste and in the gale.  
 Here mark'd we purest basons fraught  
 With sacred cream and fam'd *Joghrat* ;  
 Nor saw we not rich bowls contain  
 The *Chawla's* <sup>45</sup> light nutritious grain,  
 Some virgin-like in native pride,  
 And some with strong *Haldea* <sup>46</sup> dyed,  
 Some tasteful to dull palates made  
 If *Merich* <sup>47</sup> lend his fervent aid,  
 Or *Langa* <sup>48</sup> shap'd like od'rous nails,  
 Whose scent o'er groves of spice prevails,  
 Or *Adda* <sup>49</sup> breathing gentle heat,  
 Or *Joutery* <sup>50</sup> both warm and sweet.  
*Supiary* <sup>51</sup> next ( in *Pa'na* <sup>52</sup> chew'd,  
 And *Gatha* <sup>53</sup>, with strong pow'rs endued,  
 Mix'd with *Elachy's* <sup>54</sup> glowing seeds,  
 Which some remoter climate breeds),  
 Near *Jeifel* <sup>55</sup> sate, like *Jeifel* fram'd  
 Though not for equal fragrance nam'd :

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38. Palmyra-fruit. 39. Rose-apples. 40. Oranges. 41. The Hindu Nectar. 42. Custard-apples. 43. Jaik-fruit. 44. Guayavas. 45. Rice. 46. Turmeric 47. Indian Pepper. 48. Cloves. 49. Ginger, 50. Mace. 51. Areca-nut. 52. Betel-leaf. 53. What we call Japan-earth. 54. Cardamums, 55. Nutmeg.

Last, *Na'ryal* <sup>56</sup>, whom all ranks esteem,  
 Pour'd in full cups his dulcet stream :  
 Long I survey'd the doubtful board  
 With each high delicacy stor'd ;  
 Then freely gratified my soul,  
 From many a dish, and many a bowl,  
 Till health was lavish'd, as my time :  
*Intemp'rance* was my fatal crime.'

Uprose the fruit ; and now *mid-way*  
 Suspended shone like blazing day.

*Nacal* then spoke : (a blush o'erspread  
 His cheeks, and conscious droop'd his head) :  
 ' Before *Duryo'dhen*, ruthless king,  
 Taught his fierce darts in air to sing,  
 With bright-arm'd ranks, by *Crishna* sent,  
 Elate from *Indraprest* <sup>57</sup> I went  
 Through *Eastern* realms ; and vanquish'd all  
 From rough *Almo'ra* to *Nipa'l*.  
 Where ev'ry mansion, new or old,  
 Flam'd with Barbaric gems and gold.  
 Here shone with pride the regal stores  
 On iv'ry roofs, and cedrine floors ;  
 There diadems of price unknown  
 Blaz'd with each all-attracting stone ;  
 Firm diamonds, like fix'd honour true,  
 Some pink, and some of yellow hue,  
 Some black, yet not the less esteem'd ;  
 The rest like tranquil *Jemna* gleam'd,  
 When in her bed the *Gopia* lave  
 Betray'd by the pellucid wave.  
 Like raging fire the ruby glow'd,  
 Or soft, but radiant, water show'd ;

56. Cocoanut.

57. DEHLY.

Pure amethysts, in richest ore  
 Oft found, a purple vesture wore ;  
 Sapphirs, like yon ethereal plain ;  
 Em'rals, like *Peipel*<sup>58</sup> fresh with rain ;  
 Gay topazes, translucent gold ;  
 Pale chrysolites of softer mould ;  
 Fam'd beryls, like the surge marine,  
 Light-azure mix'd with modest green ;  
 Refracted ev'ry varying dye,  
 Bright as yon bow, that girds the sky.  
 Here opals, which all hues unite,  
 Display'd their many-tinctur'd light,  
 With turcoises divinely blue  
 (Though doubts arise, where first they grew,  
 Whether chaste elephantine bone  
 By min'rals ting'd, or native stone),  
 And pearls unblemish'd, such as deck  
*Bhava'ny's*<sup>59</sup> wrist or *Lecshmy's*<sup>60</sup> neck.  
 Each castle ras'd, each city storm'd,  
 Vast loads of pillag'd wealth I form'd,  
 Not for my coffers ; though they bore,  
 As you decreed, my lot and more.  
 Too pleas'd the brilliant heap I stor'd,  
 Too charming seem'd the guarded hoard :  
 An odious vice this heart assail'd ;  
 Base *Av'rice* for a time prevail'd.

Th' enchanted orb *ten* cubits flew,  
 Strait as the shaft, which *Erjun* drew.  
*Sehdio*, with youthful ardour bold,  
 Thus, penitent, his failings told :  
 ' From clouds, by folly rais'd, these eyes  
 Experience clear'd, and made me wise ;  
 For, when the crash of battle roar'd,

---

58. A sacred tree like an *Aspin*.      59. The *Indian* VENUS.      60. The *Indian* CERES.

When death rain'd blood from spear and sword,  
 When, in the tempest of alarms,  
 Horse roll'd on horse, arms clash'd with arms,  
 Such acts I saw by others done,  
 Such perils brav'd, such trophies won,  
 That, while my patriot bosom glow'd,  
 Though some faint skill, some strength I show'd,  
 And, no dull gazer on the field,  
 This hero slew, that forc'd to yield,  
 Yet, meek humility, to thee,  
 When *Erjun* fought, low sank my knee :  
 But, ere the din of war began,  
 When black'ning cheeks just mark'd the man,  
 Myself invincible I deem'd,  
 And great, without a rival, seem'd.  
 Whene'er I sought the sportful plain,  
 No youth of all the martial train  
 With arm so strong or eye so true  
 The *Checra's* <sup>61</sup> pointed circle threw ;  
 None when the polish'd cane we bent,  
 So far the light-wing'd arrow sent ;  
 None from the broad elastic reed,  
 Like me, gave *Agnyastra* <sup>62</sup> speed,  
 Or spread its flames with nicer art  
 In many an unextinguish'd dart ;  
 Or, when in imitated fight  
 We sported till departing light,  
 None saw me to the ring advance  
 With falchion keen or quiv'ring lance,  
 Whose force my rooted seat could shake,  
 Or on my steed impression make :  
 No charioteer, no racer fleet

---

61. A radiated metalline ring, used as a missile weapon.

62. Fire-arms, or rockets, early known in *India*.

O'ertook my wheels or rapid feet.  
 Next, when the woody heights we sought,  
 With madd'ning elephants I fought :  
 In vain their high-priz'd tusks they gnash'd ;  
 Their trunked heads my *Geda* <sup>63</sup> mash'd.  
 No buffalo, with phrensy strong,  
 Could bear my clatt'ring thunder long :  
 No pard or tiger, from the wood  
 Reluctant brought, this arm withstood.  
*Pride* in my heart his mansion fix'd,  
 And with pure drops black poison mix'd.

Swift rose the fruit, exalted now  
*Ten* cubits from his natal bough.

Fair *Draupady*, with soft delay,  
 Then spake : 'Heav'n's mandate I obey ;  
 Though nought, essential to be known,  
 Has heav'n to learn, or I to own.  
 When scarce a damsel, scarce a child,  
 In early bloom your handmaid smil'd,  
*Love of the World* her fancy mov'd,  
 Vain pageantry her heart approv'd :  
 Her form, she thought, and lovely mien,  
 All must admire, when all had seen :  
 A thirst of pleasure and of praise  
 (With shame I speak) engross'd my days ;  
 Nor were my night-thoughts, I confess,  
 Free from solicitude for dress ;  
 How best to bind my flowing hair  
 With art, yet with an artless air  
 (My hair, like musk in scent and hue ;  
 Oh ! blacker far and sweeter too) ;  
 In what nice braid or glossy curl  
 To fix a diamond or a pearl,

---

63. A mace, or club.

And where to smooth the love-spread toils  
 With nard or jasmin's fragrant oils ;  
 How to adjust the golden *Teic* <sup>64</sup>,  
 And most adorn my forehead sleek ;  
 What *Condals* <sup>65</sup> should emblaze my ears,  
 Like *Seita's* waves <sup>66</sup> or *Seita's* tears <sup>67</sup> ;  
 How elegantly to dispose  
 Bright circlets for my well-form'd nose ;  
 With strings of rubies how to deck,  
 Or em'rald rows, my stately neck,  
 While some that ebon tow'r embrac'd  
 Some pendent sought my slender waist ;  
 How next my purfled veil to chuse  
 From silken stores of varied hues ;  
 Which would attract the roving view,  
 Pink, violet, purple, orange, blue ;  
 The loveliest mantle to select,  
 Or unembellish'd or bedeck'd ;  
 And how my twisted scarf to place  
 With most inimitable grace ;  
 (Too thin its warp, too fine its woof,  
 For eyes of males not beauty-proof) ;  
 What skirts the mantle best would suit,  
 Ornate with stars or tissued fruit,  
 The flow'r-embroider'd or the plain  
 With silver or with golden vein ;  
 The *Chury* <sup>68</sup> bright, which gayly shows  
 Fair objects, aptly to compose ;  
 How each smooth arm and each soft wrist  
 By richest *Cosecs* <sup>69</sup> might be kiss'd ;

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64. Properly *Teica*, an ornament of gold, placed above the nose.

65. Pendants.

66. *SEITA' CUND*, or the *Pool of Seita*, the wife of *RAM*, is the name given to the wonderful spring at *Mengeir*, with boiling water of exquisite clearness and purity.

67. Her tears, when she was made captive by the giant *Rawan*.

68. A small mirror worn in a ring.

69. Bracelets.



While some, my taper ankles round,  
 With sunny radiance ting'd the ground.  
 O waste of many a precious hour !  
 O *Vanity*, how vast thy pow'r !'

Cubits twice four th' ambrosial flew,  
 Still from its branch disjoin'd by *two*.

Each husband now, with wild surprise,  
 His compeers and his consort eyes ;  
 When *Yudishteir* : 'Thy female breast  
 Some faults, perfidious, hath suppress'd.  
 Oh ! give the close-lock'd secret room,  
 Unfold its bud, expand its bloom ;  
 Lest, sinking with our crumbled halls,  
 We see red flames devour their walls.'

Abash'd, yet with a decent pride,  
 Firm *Draupady* the fact denied ;  
 Till, through an arched alley green,  
 The limit of that sacred scene,  
 She saw the dreaded *Muny* go  
 With steps majestically slow ;  
 Then said : (a stifled sigh she stole,  
 And show'd the conflict of her soul  
 By broken speech and flutt'ring heart,  
 One trifle more I must impart :  
 A *Brahmen* learn'd, of pure intent  
 And look demure, one morn you sent,  
 With me, from *Sanscrit* old, to read  
 Each high *Purán* <sup>70</sup> each holy *Veid*.  
 His thread, which *Brehmá's* lineage show'd' !  
 O'er his left shoulder graceful flow'd ;  
 Of *Crishna* and his nymphs he redde,  
 How with nine maids the dance he led ;  
 How they ador'd, and he repaid

Their homage in the sylvan shade.  
 While this gay tale my spirits cheer'd,  
 So keen the *Pendit's* eyes appear'd,  
 So sweet his voice—a blameless fire  
 This bosom could not but inspire.  
 Bright as a God he seem'd to stand :  
 The rev'rend volume left his hand,  
 With mine he press'd'—With deep despair  
 Brothers on brothers wildly stare :  
 From *Erjun* flew a wrathful glance ;  
 Tow'rd them they saw their dread advance ;  
 Then, trembling, breathless, pale with fear,  
 ' Hear, said the matron, calmly hear !  
 By *Tulsy's* leaf the truth I speak—  
 The *Brahmen* ONLY KISS'D MY CHEEK.'

Strait its full height the wonder rose,  
 Glad with its native branch to close.

Now to the walk approach'd the Sage  
 Exulting in his verdant age :  
 His hands, that touch'd his front, express'd  
 Due rev'rence to each princely guest,  
 Whom to his rural board he led  
 In simple delicacy spread,  
 With curds their palates to regale,  
 And cream-cups from the *Gopia's* pail.

Could you, ye Fair, like this black wife,  
 Restore us to primeval life,  
 And bid that apple, pluck'd for *Eve*  
 By him, who might all wives deceive,  
 Hang from its parent bough once more  
 Divine and perfect, as before,  
 Would you confess your little faults ?  
 (Great ones were never in your thoughts) ;  
 Would you the secret wish unfold,

Or in your heart's full casket hold ?  
Would you disclose your inmost mind,  
And speak plain truth, to bless mankind ?  
‘ What ! said the Guardian of our realm,  
With waving crest and fiery helm,  
‘ What ! are the fair, whose heav’nly smiles  
Rain glory through my cherish’d isles,  
Are they less virtuous or less true  
Than *Indian* dames of sooty hue ?  
No, by these arms. The cold surmise  
And doubt injurious vainly rise.  
Yet darses a bard, who better knows,  
This point distrustfully propose ;  
Vain fabler now ! though oft before  
His harp has cheer’d my sounding shore.’

With brow austere the martial maid  
Spoke, and majestic trod the glade :  
To that fell cave her course she held,  
Where *Scandal*, bane of mortals, dwell’d.  
Outstretch’d on filth the pest she found,  
Black fetid venom streaming round :  
A gloomy light just serv’d to show  
The darkness of the den below.  
*Britannia* with resistless might  
Soon dragg’d him from his darling night :  
The snakes, that o’er his body curl’d,  
And flung his poison through the world,  
Confounded with the flash of day,  
Hiss’d horribly a hellish lay.  
His eyes with flames and blood suffus’d,  
Long to th’ ethereal beam unus’d,  
Fierce in their gory sockets roll’d ;  
And desperation made him bold :  
Pleas’d with the thought of human woes,

On scaly dragon feet he rose.  
Thus, when *Asúrs* with impious rage,  
Durst horrid war with *Dévta's* wage,  
And darted many a burning mass  
E'en on the brow of gemm'd *Caila's*,  
High o'er the rest, on serpents rear'd,  
The grisly king of *Deits* appear'd.

The nymph beheld the fiend advance,  
And couch'd her far-extending lance :  
Dire drops he threw ; th' infernal tide  
Her helm and silver hauberk dyed :  
Her moonlike shield before her hung ;  
The monster struck, the monster stung :  
Her spear with many a griding wound  
Fast nail'd him to the groaning ground.  
The wretch, from juster vengeance free,  
Immortal born by heav'n's decree,  
With chains of adamant secur'd,  
Deep in cold gloom she left immur'd.

Now reign at will, victorious Fair,  
In *British*, or in *Indian*, air !  
Still with each envying flow'r adorn  
Your tresses radiant as the morn ;  
Still let each *Asiatic* dye  
Rich tints for your gay robes supply ;  
Still through the dance's laby'rinth float,  
And swell the sweetly-lengthen'd note ;  
Still, on proud steeds or glitt'ring cars,  
Rise on the course like beamy stars ;  
And, when charm'd circles round you close  
Of rhyming bards and smiling beaux,  
Whilst all with eager looks contend  
Their wit or worth to recommend,

Still let your mild, yet piercing, eyes  
Impartially adjudge the prize.

# A HYMN

TO

C A M D E O .

---

## THE ARGUMENT.

THE *Hindú* God, to whom the following poem is addressed, appears evidently the same with the *Grecian* Eros and the *Roman* CUPIDO ; but the *Indian* description of his person and arms, his family, attendants, and attributes, has new and peculiar beauties.

According to the mythology of *Hindusta'n*, he was the son of MAYA, or the general *attracting* power, and married to RETTY or *Affection* ; and his bosom friend is BESSENT or *Spring* : he is represented as a beautiful youth, sometimes conversing with his mother and consort in the midst of his gardens and temples ; sometimes riding by moonlight on a parrot or lory, and attended by dancing-girls or nymphs, the foremost of whom bears his colours, which are a *fish* on a red ground. His favourite place of resort is a large tract of country round AGRA, and principally the plains of *Matra*, where KRISHEN also and the nine GOPIA, who are clearly the *Apollo* and *Muses* of the *Greeks*, usually spend the night with music and dance. His bow of sugar-cane or flowers, with a string of bees, and his *five* arrows, each pointed with an *Indian* blossom of a heating quality, are allegories equally new and beautiful. He has at least twenty-three names, most of which are introduced in the hymn : that of *Ca'm* or *Ca'ma* signifies *desire*, a sense which it also bears in

ancient and modern *Persian*; and it is possible, that the words *Dipuc* and *Cupid*, which have the same signification, may have the same origin; since we know, that the old *Hetruscans*, from whom great part of the *Roman* language and religion was derived, and whose system had a near affinity with that of the *Persians* and *Indians*, used to write their lines alternately forwards and backwards, as furrows are made by the plough; and, though the two last letters of *Cupido* may be only the grammatical termination, as in *libido* and *capedo*, yet the primary root of *cupio* is contained in the three first letters. The seventh stanza alludes to the bold attempt of this deity to wound the great God *Mahadeo*, for which he was punished by a flame consuming his corporeal nature and reducing him to a mental essence; and hence his chief dominion is over the *minds* of mortals, of such deities as he is permitted to subdue.

## THE HYMN.

WHAT potent God from *Agra's* orient bow'rs  
Floats thro' the lucid air, whilst living flow'rs  
With sunny twine the vocal arbours wreath,  
And gales enamour'd heav'nly fragrance breathe ?

Hail pow'r unknown ! for at thy beck  
Vales and groves their bosoms deck,  
And ev'ry laughing blossom dresses  
With gems of dew his musky tresses.  
I feel, I feel thy genial flame divine,  
And hallow thee and kiss thy shrine.

"Knowst thou not me ?" Celestial sounds I hear !  
"Knowst thou not me ?" Ah, spare a mortal ear !  
"Behold"—My swimming eyes entranc'd I raise,  
But oh ! they shrink before th' excessive blaze.

Yes, son of *Maya*, yes, I know  
Thy bloomy shafts and cany bow,  
Cheeks with youthful glory beaming,  
Locks in braids ethereal streaming,  
Thy scaly standard, thy mysterious arms,  
And all thy pains and all thy charms.

God of each lovely sight, each lovely sound,  
Soul-kindling, world-inflaming, stary-crown'd,  
Eternal *Càma* ! Or doth *Smara* bright,  
Or proud *Ananga* give thee more delight ?

Whate'er thy seat, whate'er thy name,  
Seas, earth, and air, thy reign proclaim :  
Wreathy smiles and roseate pleasures  
Are thy richest, sweetest treasures.



All animals to thee their tribute bring,  
And hail thee universal king.

Thy consort mild, *Affection* ever true,  
Graces thy side, her vest of glowing hue,  
And in her train twelve blooming girls advance,  
Touch golden strings and knit the mirthful dance.

Thy dreaded implements they bear,  
And wave them in the scented air,  
Each with pearls her neck adorning,  
Brighter than the tears of morning.  
Thy crimson ensign, which before them flies,  
Decks with new stars the sapphire skies.

God of the flow'ry shafts and flow'ry bow,  
Delight of all above and all below !  
Thy lov'd companion, constant from his birth,  
In heav'n clep'd *Bessent*, and gay *Spring* on earth,  
Weaves thy green robe and flaunting bow'rs,  
And from thy clouds draws balmy show'rs,  
He with fresh arrows fills thy quiver,  
(Sweet the gift and sweet the giver !)  
And bids the many-plumed warbling throng  
Burst the pent blossoms with their song.

He bends the luscious cane, and twists the string  
With bees, how sweet ! but ah, how keen their sting !  
He with five flow'rets tips thy ruthless darts,  
Which thro' five senses pierce enraptur'd hearts :  
Strong *Chumpha*, rich in od'rous gold,  
Warm *Amer*, nurs'd in heav'nly mould,  
Dry *Nagkeser* in silver smiling,  
Hot *Kiticum* our sense beguiling,  
And last, to kindle fierce the scorching flame,  
*Loveshaft*, which gods bright *Bela* name.  
Can men resist thy pow'r, when *Krishen* yields,  
*Krishen*, who still in *Matra's* holy fields

Tunes harps immortal, and to strains divine  
Dances by moonlight with the *Gopia* nine ?  
But, when thy daring arm untam'd  
At *Mahadeo* a loveshaft aim'd,  
Heav'n shook, and, smit with stony wonder,  
Told his deep dread in bursts of thunder,  
Whilst on thy beauteous limbs an azure fire  
Blaz'd forth, which never must expire.

O thou for ages born, yet ever young,  
For ages may thy *Bramin's* lay be sung !  
And, when thy lory spreads his em'rald wings  
To waft thee high above the tow'rs of kings,  
Whilst o'er thy throne the moon's pale light  
Pours her soft radiance thro' the night,  
And to each floating cloud discovers  
The haunts of blest or joyless lovers,  
Thy mildest influence to thy bard impart,  
To warm, but not consume, his heart.

# TWO HYMNS

TO

P R A C R I T I

## THE ARGUMENT.

IN all our conversations with learned *Hindus* we find them enthusiastic admirers of Poetry, which they consider as a divine art, that had been practised for numberless ages in heaven, before it was revealed on earth by VÁLMÍĆ, whose great Heroic Poem is fortunately preserved : the *Brahmans* of course prefer that poetry, which they believe to have been *actually inspired* ; while the *Vaidyas*, who are in general perfect grammarians and good poets, but are not suffered to read any of the *sacred* writings except the *Ayurvéda*, or *Body of Medical Tracts*, speak with rapture of their innumerable *popular* poems, *Epic*, *Lyric*, and *Dramatic*, which were composed by men not literally inspired, but called, metaphorically, the sons of SERESWATI, or MINERVA ; among whom the *Pandits* of all sects, nations, and degrees are unanimous in giving the prize of glory to CÁLI'DÁŚA, who flourished in the court of VICRAMA'DITYA, fifty-seven years before Christ. He wrote several *Dramas*, one of which, entitled SACONTALA', is in my possession ; and the subject of it appears to be as interesting as the composition is beautiful : besides these he published the *Méghadhúta*, or cloud-messenger, and the *Nalódaya*, or rise of NALA, both elegant love-tales ; the *Raghuvansa*, an Heroic

Poem; and the *Cuma'ra Sambhava*, or birth of CUMA'RA, which supplied me with materials for the first of the following Odes. I have not indeed yet read it; since it could not be correctly copied for me during the short interval, in which it is in my power to amuse myself with literature; but I have heard the story told, both in *Sanscrit* and *Persian*, by many *Pandits*, who had no communication with each other; and their outline of it coincided so perfectly, that I am convinced of its correctness: that outline is here filled up, and exhibited in a lyric form, partly in the *Indian*, partly in the *Grecian*, taste; and great will be my pleasure, when I can again find time for such amusements, in reading the whole poem of C'ALI'DA'SA, and in comparing my descriptions with the original composition. To anticipate the story in a preface would be to destroy the interest, that may be taken in the poem; a disadvantage attending all prefatory arguments, of which those prefixed to the several books of TASSO, and to the Dramas of METASTASIO, are obvious instances; but, that any interest may be taken in the two hymns addressed to PRACRITI, under different names, it is necessary to render them intelligible by a previous explanation of the mythological allusions, which could not but occur in them.

ISWARA or I'SA, and I'SA'NI or I'si', are unquestionably the OSIRIS and ISIS of Egypt; for, though neither a resemblance of names, nor a similarity of character, would separately prove the identity of *Indian* and *Egyptian* Deities, yet, when they both concur, with the addition of numberless corroborating circumstances, they form a proof little short of demonstration. The *female* divinity, in the mythological systems of the East, represents the active *power* of the *male*; and that I'si' means *active nature*, appears evidently from the word s'á'cta, which is derived from sa'cti, or *power*, and applied to those *Hindus*, who direct their adoration principally to that goddess: this feminine character of PRACRITI, or *created nature*, is so familiar

in most languages, and even in our own, that the gravest *English* writers, on the most serious subjects of religion and philosophy, speak of *her* operations, as if *she* were actually an animated being; but such personifications are easily misconceived by the multitude, and have a strong tendency to polytheism. The principal operations of nature are, not the absolute annihilation and new creation of what we call *material substances*, but the temporary extinction and reproduction, or, rather in one word, the *transmutation*, of *forms*; whence the epithet *Polymorphos* is aptly given to nature by *European* philosophers: hence ISWARA, SIVA, HARA (for those are his names and near a thousand more), united with I'SI', represent the *secondary causes*, whatever they may be, of natural phenomena, and principally those of temporary *destruction* and *regeneration*; but the *Indian* ISIS appears in a variety of characters, especially in those of PA'RVATI', CA'LI', DURGA', and BHA'VANI', which bear a strong resemblance to the JUNO of HOMER, to HECATE, to the armed PALLAS, and to the *Lucretian* VENUS.

The name PA'RVATI' took its rise from a wild poetical fiction. HIMA'LAYA, or the *Mansion of Snow*, is the title given by the *Hindus* to that vast chain of mountains, which limits *India* to the north, and embraces it with its eastern and western arms, both extending to the ocean; the former of those arms is called *Chandraséc'hara*, or the *Moon's Rock*; and the second, which reaches as far west as the mouths of the *Indus*, was named by the ancients *Montes Parveti*. These hills are held sacred by the *Indians*, who suppose them to be the terrestrial haunt of the God I'SWARA. The mountain *Himálaya*, being personified, is represented as a powerful monarch, whose wife was ME'NA': their daughter is named PA'RVATI', or *Mountain-born*, and DURGA', or *of difficult access*; but the *Hindus* believe her to have been married to SIVA in a pre-existent state, when she bore the name of SATI'. The daughter of HIMA'LAYA had two sons; GANE'S'A, or the *Lord of Spirits*, adored as the wisest of Dei-

ties, and always invoked at the beginning of every literary work, and CUMA RA, SCANDA, or CA'RTICE'YA, commander of the celestial armies.

The pleasing fiction of CA'MA, the *Indian* CUPID, and his friend VASANTA, or the Spring, has been the subject of another poem; and here it must be remembered, that the God of Love is named also SMARA, CANDARPA, and ANANGA. One of his arrows is called *Mellicà*, the *Nyctanthes* of our Botanists, who very unadvisedly reject the vernacular names of most *Asiatic* plants: it is beautifully introduced by CA'LIDA'SA into this lively couplet:

*Mellicāmuculè bhāti gunjanmattamadhuvratah,*

*Prayānè panchabānasya sanc'hamāpūrayanniva.*

'The intoxicated bee shines and murmurs in the fresh-blown *Mellicà*, like him who gives breath to a white conch in the procession of the God with five arrows.'

A critic, to whom CA'LIDA'SA repeated this verse, observed, that the comparison was not exact: since the bee sits on the blossom itself, and does not murmur at the end of the tube, like him who blows a conch: 'I was aware of that, said the poet, and, therefore, described the bee as *intoxicated*: a drunken musician would blow the shell at the wrong end.' There was more than wit in this answer: it was a just rebuke to a dull critic; for poetry delights in *general* images, and is so far from being a perfect imitation, that a scrupulous exactness of descriptions and similes, by leaving nothing for the imagination to supply, never fails to diminish or destroy the pleasure of every reader, who has an imagination to be gratified.

It may here be observed, that *Nymphæa*, not *Lotos*, is the *generic* name in *Europe* of the flower consecrated to *ISIS*: the *Persians* know by the name of *Nilúfer* that species of it, which the Botanists ridiculously call *Nelumbo*, and which is remarkable for its curious *pericarpium*, where each of the seeds contains in miniature the leaves of a perfect vegetable. The *lotos*

of HOMER was probably the *sugar-cane*, and that of LINNÆUS is a papilionaceous plant ; but he gives the same name to another species of the *Nymphæa* ; and the word is so constantly applied among us in *India* to the *Niláfer*, that any other would be hardly intelligible : the *blue* lotos grows in *Cashmír* and in *Persia*, but not in *Bengal*, where we see only the *red* and the *white* ; and hence occasion is taken to feign, that the lotos of *Hindustan* was dyed crimson by the blood of SIVA.

CUVE'RA, mentioned in the fourteenth stanza, is the God of Wealth, supposed to reside in a magnificent city, called *Alacá* ; and VRIHASPATI, or the Genius of the planet *Jupiter*, is the preceptor of the Gods in *Swerga* or the firmament : he is usually represented as their orator, when any message is carried from them to one of the three superior Deities.

The lamentations of RETI', the wife of CAMA, fill a whole book in the *Sanscrit* poem, as I am informed by my teacher, a learned *Vaidya* ; who is restrained only from reading the book, which contains a description of the nuptials ; for the ceremonies of a marriage where BRAHMA' himself officiated as the father of the bridegroom, are too holy to be known by any but *Brahmans*.

The achievements of DURGA' in her martial character as the patroness of *Virtue*, and her battle with a demon in the shape of a buffalo, are the subject of many episodes in the *Pura'nas* and *Ca'vyas*, or *sacred* and *popular* poems ; but a full account of them would have destroyed the unity of the Ode, and they are barely alluded to in the last stanza.

It seemed proper to change the measure, when the goddess was to be addressed as BHAVA'NI, or the *power of fecundity* ; but such a change, though very common in *Sanscrit*, has its inconveniences in *European* poetry : a distinct Hymn is therefore appropriated to her in that capacity ; for the explanation of which we need only premise, that LACSHMI' is the Goddess of *Abundance* ; that the *Cétaca* is a fragrant and beautiful

plant of the *Diacian* kind, known to Botanists by the name of *Pandanus* ; and that the *Du'rgótsava*, or great festival of BHAVA'NI at the close of the rains, ends, in throwing the image of the goddess into the *Ganges* or other sacred water.

I am not conscious of having left unexplained any difficult allusion in the two poems ; and have only to add (lest *European* critics should consider a few of the images as inapplicable to *Indian* manners), that the ideas of *snow* and *ice* are familiar to the *Hindus* ; that the mountains of *Hima'laya* may be clearly discerned from a part of *Bengal* ; that the *Grecian* HÆMUS is the *Sanscrit* word *haimas*, meaning *snowy* ; and that funeral *urns* may be seen perpetually on the banks of the river.

The two Hymns are neither translations from any other poems, nor imitations of any ; and have nothing of PINDAR in them except the measures, which are nearly the same, syllable for syllable, with those of the first and second *Nemean* Odes : more musical stanzas might perhaps have been formed ; but, in every art, variety and novelty are considerable sources of pleasure. The style and manner of PINDAR have been greatly mistaken ; and, that a distinct idea of them may be conceived by such, as have not access to that inimitable poet in his own language, I cannot refrain from subjoining the first *Nemean* Ode\*, not only in the same measure as nearly as possible, but almost word for word, with the original ; those epithets and phrases only being necessarily added, which are printed in *Italic* letters.

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\* See the first *Nemean* ode of Pindar.



# THE HYMN

TO

*D U R G A' .*

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I. 1.

FROM thee begins the solemn air,  
Ador'd GANE'SA'; next, thy sire we praise  
(Him, from whose red clust'ring hair  
A new-born crescent sheds propitious rays,  
Fair as GANGA's curling foam),  
Dread I'SWARA; who lov'd o'er awful mountains,  
Rapt in prescience deep, to roam,  
But chiefly those, whence holy rivers gush,  
Bright from their secret fountains,  
And o'er the realms of BRAHMA' rush.

I. 2.

Rock above rock they ride sublime,  
And lose their summits in blue fields of \_day,  
Fashion'd first, when rolling time,  
Vast infant, in his golden cradle lay,  
Bidding endless ages run  
And wreath their giant heads in snows eternal  
Gilt by each revolving sun;  
Though neither morning beam, nor noontide glare,  
In wintry sign or vernal,  
Their adamant strength impair;

## I. 3.

Nor e'en the fiercest summer heat  
 Could thrill the palace, where their Monarch reign'd  
 On his frost-implearled seat,  
 (Such height had unremitted virtue gain'd !)  
 HIMA'LAYA, to whom a lovely child,  
 Sweet PARVATI, sage ME'NA bore,  
 Who now, in earliest bloom, saw heav'n adore  
 Her charms ; earth languish, till she smil'd.

## II. 1.

But she to love no tribute paid ;  
 Great ISWARA her pious cares engag'd :  
 Him, who Gods and fiends dismay'd,  
 She sooth'd with off'rings meek, when most he rag'd.  
 On a morn, when, edg'd with light,  
 The lake-born flow'rs their sapphire cups expanded  
 Laughing at the scatter'd night,  
 A vale remote and silent pool she sought,  
 Smooth-footed, lotos-handed,  
 And braids of sacred blossoms wrought ;

## II. 2.

Not for her neck, which, unadorn'd,  
 Bade envying antelopes their beauties hide :  
 Art she knew not, or she scorn'd ;  
 Nor had her language e'en a name for pride.  
 To the God, who, fix'd in thought,  
 Sat in a crystal cave new worlds designing,  
 Softly sweet her gift she brought,  
 And spread the garland o'er his shoulders broad,  
 Where serpents huge lay twining,  
 Whose hiss the round creation aw'd.

## II. 3.

He view'd, half-smiling, half-severe,  
 The prostrate maid—That moment through the rocks  
 He, who decks the nurnle veer

With CA'MA, hors'd on infant breezes flew :  
 (Who knows not CA'MA, nature's king ?)  
 VASANTA barb'd the shaft and fix'd the string ;  
 The living bow CANDARPA drew.

## III. 1.

Dire sacrilege ! The chosen reed,  
 That SMARA pointed with transcendent art,  
 Glanc'd with unimagi'd speed,  
 And ting'd its blooming barb in SIVA's heart :  
 Glorious flow'r, in heav'n proclaim'd  
 Rich *Mellicà*, with balmy breath delicious,  
 And on earth *Nyctanthes* nam'd !  
 Some drops divine, that o'er the lotos blue  
 Trickled in rills auspicious,  
 Still mark it with a crimson hue.

## III. 2.

Soon clos'd the wound its hallow'd lips ;  
 But nature felt the pain : heav'n's blazing eye  
 Sank absorb'd in sad eclipse,  
 And meteors rare betray'd the trembling sky ;  
 When a flame, to which compar'd  
 The keenest lightnings were but idle flashes,  
 From that orb all-piercing glar'd,  
 Which in the front of wrathful HARA rolls,  
 And soon to silver ashes  
 Reduc'd th' inflamer of our souls.

## III. 3.

VASANT, for thee a milder doom,  
 Accomplice rash, a thund'ring voice decreed ;  
 ' With'ring live in joyless gloom,  
 While ten gay signs the dancing seasons lead.  
 Thy flow'rs, perennial once, now annual made,  
 The Fish and Ram shall still adorn ;  
 But, when the Bull has rear'd his golden horn,

## IV. 1.

The thunder ceas'd ; the day return'd ;  
 But SIVA from terrestrial haunts had fled :  
 Smit with rapt'rous love he burn'd,  
 And sigh'd on gemm'd *Cailāsa's* viewless head.  
 Lonely down the mountain steep,  
 With flutt'ring heart, soft PARVATI descended ;  
 Nor in drops of nectar'd sleep  
 Drank solace through the night, but lay alarm'd,  
 Lest her mean gifts offended  
 The God her pow'ful beauty charm'd.

## IV. 2.

All arts her sorr'wing damsels tried,  
 Her brow, where wrinkled anguish low'r'd, to smoothe,  
 And, her troubled soul to soothe,  
 Sagacious ME'NA' mild reproof applied ;  
 But nor art nor counsel sage,  
 Nor e'en her sacred parent's tender chiding,  
 Could her only pain assuage :  
 The mountain drear she sought, in mantling shade  
 Her tears and transports hiding,  
 And oft to her adorer pray'd.

## IV. 3.

There on a crag, whose icy rift  
 Hurl'd night and horror o'er the pool profound,  
 That with madding eddy swift  
 Revengeful bark'd his rugged base around,-  
 The beauteous hermit sat ; but soon perceiv'd  
 A *Brāhmen* old before her stand,  
 His rude staff quiv'ring in his wither'd hand,  
 Who, falt'ring, ask'd for whom she griev'd.

## V. 1.

' What graceful youth with accents mild,  
 Eyes like twin stars, and lips like early morn,  
 Has thv pensive heart beguil'd ?'

E'er beguil'd my guiltless heart :  
 Him have I lost, who to these mountains hoary  
 Bloom celestial could impart.  
 Thee I salute, thee ven'rate, thee deplore;  
 Dread SIVA, source of glory,  
 Which on these rocks must gleam no more !"

## V. 2.

' Rare object of a damsel's love,'  
 The wizard bold replied, ' who, rude and wild,  
 Leaves eternal bliss above,  
 And roves o'er wastes where nature never smil'd,  
 Mounted on his milkwhite bull !  
 Seek INDRA with aërial bow victorious,  
 Who from vases ever full  
 Quaffs love and nectar ; seek the festive hall,  
 Rich caves, and mansion glorious  
 Of young CUVÉ'RA, lov'd by all ;

## V. 3.

But spurn that sullen wayward God,  
 That three-ey'd monster, hideous, fierce, untam'd,  
 Unattir'd, ill-girt, unshod——  
 Such fell impiety, the nymph exclaim'd,  
 Who speaks, must agonize ; who hears, must die ;  
 Nor can this vital frame sustain  
 The pois'nous taint, that runs from vein to vein ;  
 Death may atone the blasphemy.'

## VI. 1.

She spoke, and o'er the rifted rocks  
 Her lovely form with pious phrensy threw ;  
 But beneath her floating locks  
 And waving robes a thousand breezes flew,  
 Knitting close their silky plumes,  
 And in mid-air a downy pillow spreading ;  
 Till, in clouds of rich perfumes  
 Embalmed, they bore her to a mystic wood :

Where streams of glory shedding,  
The well-feign'd *Brāhmen*, SIVA stood.

## VI. 2.

The rest, my song conceal :  
Unhallow'd ears the sacrilege might rue.  
Gods alone to Gods reveal  
In what stupendous notes th' immortals woo.  
Straight the sons of light prepar'd  
The nuptial feast, heav'n's opal gates unfolding,  
Which th' empyreal army shar'd ;  
And sage HIMA'LAYA shed blissful tears  
With aged eyes beholding  
His daughter empress of the spheres.

## VI. 3.

Whilst ev'ry lip with nectar glow'd,  
The bridegroom blithe his transformation told :  
Round the mirthful goblets flow'd,  
And laughter free o'er plains of ether roll'd :  
' Thee too, like VISHNU, said the blushing queen,  
Soft MA'YA', guileful maid, attends ;  
But in delight supreme the phantasm ends ;  
Love crowns the visionary scene.'

## VII. 1.

Then rose VRIHASPATI, who reigns  
Beyond red MANGALA's terrific sphere,  
Wand'ring o'er cerulean plains :  
His periods eloquent heav'n loves to hear  
Soft as dew on waking flow'rs.  
He told, how TA'RACA with snaky legions,  
Envious of supernal pow'rs,  
Had menac'd long old ME'RU's golden head,  
And INDRA's beaming regions  
With desolation wild had spread :

## VII. 2.

How, when the Gods to BRAHMA' flew

" Sons, he said, from vengeance due  
 The fiend must wield secure his fiery sword,  
 (Thus th' unerring Will ordains),  
 Till from the Great Destroyer's pure embraces,  
 Knit in love's mysterious chains  
 With her, who, daughter to the mountain-king,  
 Yon snowy mansion graces,  
 CUMA'RA, warrior-child, shall spring ;

## VII. 3.

Who, bright in arms of heav'nly proof,  
 His crest a blazing star, his diamond mail  
 Colour'd in the rainbow's woof,  
 The rash invaders fiercely shall assail,  
 And, on a stately peacock borne, shall rush  
 Against the dragons of the deep ;  
 Nor shall his thund'ring mace insatiate sleep  
 Till their infernal chief it crush."

## VIII. 1.

'The splendid host with solemn state  
 (Still spoke th' ethereal orator unblam'd)  
 Reason'd high in long debate ;  
 Till, through my counsel provident, they claim'd  
 Hapless CA'MA's potent aid :  
 At INDRA's wish appear'd the soul's inflamer,  
 And, in vernal arms array'd,  
 Engag'd (ah, thoughtless !) in the bold emprise  
 To tame wide nature's tamer,  
 And soften Him, who shakes the skies.

## VIII. 2.

See now the God, whom all ador'd,  
 An ashy heap, the jest of ev'ry gale !  
 Loss by heav'n and earth deplor'd !  
 For, love extinguish'd, earth and heav'n must fail.  
 Mark, how RETI' bears his urn,

Points the flames—ah, see it burn !  
 How ill the fun'ral with the feast agrees !  
 Come, love's pale sister, pity ;  
 Come, and the lover's wrath appease.'

## VIII. 3.

Tumultuous passions, whilst he spoke,  
 In heav'nly bosoms mix'd their bursting fire,  
 Scorning frigid wisdom's yoke,  
 Disdain, revenge, devotion, hope, desire :  
 Then grief prevail'd ; but pity won the prize.  
 Not SIVA could the charm resist :  
 'Rise, holy love !' he said ; and kiss'd  
 The pearls, that gush'd from DURGA's eyes.

## IX. 1.

That instant through the blest abode,  
 His youthful charms renew'd, ANANGA came ;  
 High on em'rald plumes he rode  
 With RETI' brighten'd by th' eluded flame ;  
 Nor could young VASANTA mourn  
 (Officious friend !) his darling lord attending,  
 Though of annual beauty shorn :  
 'Love-shafts enow one season shall supply,  
 He menac'd unoffending,  
 To rule the rulers of the sky.'

## IX. 2.

With shouts the boundless mansion rang ;  
 And, in sublime accord, the radiant quire  
 Strains of bridal rapture sang  
 With glowing conquest join'd and martial ire :  
 'Spring to life, triumphant son,  
 Hell's future dread, and heav'n's eternal wonder !  
 Helm and flaming habergeon  
 For thee, behold, immortal artists weave,  
 And edge with keen blue thunder  
 The blade that shall th' oppressor cleave'



## IX. 3.

O DURGA', thou hast deign'd to shield  
Man's feeble virtue with celestial might,  
Gliding from yon jasper field,  
And, on a lion borne, hast brav'd the sight ;  
For, when the demon Vice thy realms defied,  
And arm'd with death each arched horn,  
Thy golden lance, O goddess mountain-born,  
Touch but the pest—He roar'd and died.

# THE HYMN

TO

*B H A V A ' N I*

WHEN time was drown'd in sacred sleep,  
And raven darkness brooded o'er the deep,  
Reposing on primeval pillows  
Of tossing billows,  
The forms of animated nature lay ;  
Till o'er the wild abyss, where love  
Sat like a nestling dove,  
From heav'n's dun concave shot a golden ray.  
Still brighter and more bright it stream'd,  
Then, like a thousand suns, resistless gleam'd ;  
Whilst on the placid waters blooming,  
The sky perfuming,  
An op'ning Lotos rose, and smiling spread  
His azure skirts and vase of gold,  
While o'er his foliage roll'd  
Drops, that impearl BHAVA'NI'S orient bed.  
Mother of Gods, rich nature's queen,  
Thy genial fire emblaz'd the bursting scene ;  
For, on th' expanded blossom sitting,  
With sun-beams knitting  
That mystic veil for ever unremov'd,  
Thou badst the softly kindling flame  
Pervade this peopled frame,  
And smiles, with blushes ting'd, the work approv'd.  
Goddess, around thy radiant throne  
The scaly shoals in spangled vesture shone,

Some slowly through green waves advancing,  
 Some swiftly glancing,  
 As each thy mild mysterious pow'r impell'd :  
 E'en orcs and river-dragons felt  
 Their iron bosoms melt  
 With scorching heat ; for love the mightiest quell'd.

But straight ascending vapours rare  
 O'er-canopied thy seat with lucid air,  
 While, through young INDRA'S new dominions  
 Unnumber'd pinions  
 Mix'd with thy beams a thousand varying dyes,  
 Of birds or insects, who pursued  
 Their flying loves, or woo'd  
 Them yielding, and with music fill'd the skies.

And now bedeck'd with sparkling isles  
 Like rising stars, the watry desert smiles ;  
 Smooth plains by waving forests bounded,  
 With hillocks rounded,  
 Send forth a shaggy brood, who, frisking light  
 In mingled flocks or faithful pairs,  
 Impart their tender cares :  
 All animals to love their kind invite.

Nor they alone : those vivid gems,  
 That dance and glitter on their leafy stems,  
 Thy voice inspires, thy bounty dresses,  
 Thy rapture blesses,  
 From yon tall palm, who, like a sunborn king,  
 His proud tiara spreads elate,  
 To those, who throng his gate,  
 Where purple chieftains vernal tribute bring.

A gale so sweet o'er GANGA' breathes,  
 That in soft smiles her graceful cheek she wreathes.  
 Mark, where her argent brow she raises,  
 And blushing gazes

On yon fresh *Cétaca*, whose am'rous flow'r  
Throws fragrance from his flaunting hair,  
While with his blooming fair  
He blends perfume, and multiplies the bow'r  
Thus, in one vast eternal gyre,  
Compact or fluid shapes, instinct with fire,  
Lead, as they dance, this gay creation,  
Whose mild gradation  
Of melting tints illudes the visual ray :  
Dense earth in springing herbage lives,  
Thence life and nurture gives  
To sentient forms, that sink again to clay.  
Ye maids and youths on fruitful plains,  
Where LACSHMĪ' revels and BHĀVĀNĪ' reigns,  
Oh, haste ! oh, bring your flow'ry treasures,  
To rapid measures  
Tripping at eve these hallow'd banks along :  
The pow'r, in yon dim shrines ador'd,  
To primal waves restor'd,  
With many a smiling race shall bless your song.

# A HYMN

TO

I N D R A .

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## THE ARGUMENT.

SO many allusions to *Hindu* Mythology occur in the following Ode, that it would be scarce intelligible without an explanatory introduction, which, on every account and on all occasions, appears preferable to notes in the margin.

A distinct idea of the God, whom the poem celebrates, may be collected from a passage in the ninth section of the *Gîtâ*, where the sudden change of measure has an effect similar to that of the finest modulation :

té punyamásádyā suréndra lócam  
asnanti divyān dividévabhoga'n,  
té tam bhuctwá' swergalócam visa'tam  
cshinè punyè mertyalócam visanti

“ These, having through virtue reached the mansion of the king of *sura's*, feast on the exquisite heavenly food of the Gods : they, who have enjoyed this lofty region of SWERGA, but whose virtue is exhausted, revisit the habitation of mortals.”

INDRA, therefore, or the *King* of Immortals, corresponds with one of the ancient *Jupiters* (for several of that name were worshipped in *Europe*), and particularly with *Jupiter* the *Conductor*, whose attributes are so nobly described by the *Platonic* Philosophers : one of his numerous titles is *Dyupeti*; or, in the nominative case before certain letters, *Dyupetir* which means the *Lord of Heaven*, and seems a more probable origin of the *Hetruscan* word than *Juvans Pater* ; as *Diespiter* was, probably, not the *Father*, but the *Lord*, of *Day*. He may be considered as the Jove of ENNIUS in his memorable line :

‘ Aspice hoc sublime candens, quem invocant omnes *Jovem*,’  
where the poet clearly means the firmament, of which INDRA

elements, with inferior Genii under his command ; and is conceived to govern the Eastern quarter of the world, but to preside, like the *Genius* or *Agathodæmon* of the Ancients, over the celestial bands, which are stationed on the summit of ME'RU, or the Northpole, where he solaces the Gods with nectar and heavenly music : hence, perhaps, the *Hindus*, who give evidence, and the magistrates, who hear it, are directed to stand fronting the East or the North.

This imaginary mount is here feigned to have been seen in a vision at *Vārānasī*, very improperly called *Bandris*, which takes its name from two rivulets, that embrace the city ; and the bard, who was favoured with the sight, is supposed to have been VYA'SA, surnamed *Dwaipāyana*, or *Dwelling in an Island* ; who, if he really composed the *Gīta*, makes very flattering mention of himself in the tenth chapter. The plant *Latā*, which he describes weaving a net round the mountain *Mandara*, is transported by a poetical liberty to *Sumēru*, which the great author of the *Mahabha'rat* has richly painted in four beautiful couplets : it is the generic name for a *creeper*, though represented here as a species, of which many elegant varieties are found in *Aṣia*.

The Genii named *Cinnara's* are the male dancers in *Swerga*, or the Heaven of INDRA ; and the *Apsara's* are his dancing-girls, answering to the *fairies* of the PERSIANS, and to the damsels called in the KORAN *hhūru'lūyūn*, or *with antelopes' eyes*. For the story of *Chitrarat'ha*, the chief musician of the Indian paradise, whose *painted car* was burned by ARJUN, and for that of the *Chaturdesaretna*, or *fourteen gems*, as they are called, which were produced by churning the ocean, the reader must be referred to Mr. WILKINS's learned annotations on his accurate version of the *Bhagavadgītā*. The fable of the pomegranate-flower is borrowed from the popular mythology of *Népāl* and *Tibet*.

In this poem the same form of stanza is repeated with *variations*, on a principle entirely new in modern lyric poetry, which on some future occasion may be fully explained.

## THE HYMN.

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**BUT** ah ! what glories yon blue vault emblaze ?  
What living meteors from the zenith stream ?  
Or hath a rapt'rous dream  
Perplex'd the isle-born bard in fiction's maze ?  
He wakes ; he hears ; views no fancied rays.  
'Tis **INDRA** mounted on the sun's bright beam ;  
And round him revels his empyreal train :  
How rich their tints ! how sweet their strain !

Like shooting stars around his regal seat  
A veil of many-colour'd light they weave,  
That eyes unholy would of sense bereave :  
Their sparkling hands and lightly-tripping feet  
Tir'd gales and panting clouds behind them leave.  
With love of song and sacred beauty smit  
The mystic dance they kint ;  
Pursuing, circling, whirling, twining, leading,  
Now chasing, now receding ;  
Till the gay pageant from the sky descends  
On charm'd *Suméru*, who with homage bends.

Hail, mountain of delight,  
Palace of glory, bless'd by glory's king !  
With prosp'ring shade embow'r me, whilst I sing  
Thy wonders yet unreach'd by mortal flight.

Sky-piercing mountain ! In thy bow'rs of love  
No tears are seen, save where medici'nal stalks  
Weep drops balsamic o'er the silver'd walks ;  
No complaints are heard, save where the restless dove  
Of coy repulse and mild reluctance talks ;  
Mantled in woven gold, with gems enchas'd,

With em'rald hillocks grac'd,  
 From whose fresh laps in young fantastic mazes  
 Soft crystal bounds and blazes  
 Bathing the lithe convolvulus, that winds  
 Obsequious, and each flaunting arbour binds.

When sapient BRAHMA 'this new world approv'd,  
 On woody wings eight primal mountains mov'd ;  
 But INDRA mark'd *Suméru* for his own,  
 And motionless was ev'ry stone.

Dazzling the moon he rears his golden head :  
 Nor bards inspir'd, nor heav'n's all-perfect speech  
 Less may unhallow'd rhyme his beauties teach,  
 Or paint the pavement which th' immortals tread ;  
 Nor thought of man his awful height can reach :  
 Who sees it, maddens ; who approaches, dies ;  
 For, with flame-darting eyes,  
 Around it roll a thousand sleepless dragons ;  
 While from their diamond flagons  
 The feasting Gods exhaustless nectar sip,  
 Which glows and sparkles on each fragrant lip.

This feast, in mem'ry of the churned wave  
 Great INDRA gave, when *Amrit* first was won  
 From impious demons, who to *Ma'ya's* eyes  
 Resign'd the prize, and rued the fight begun.

Now, while each ardent *Cinnara* persuades  
 The soft-ey'd *Apsara* to break the dance,  
 And leads her loth, yet with love-beaming glance,  
 To banks of marjoram and *Champak* shades,  
 Celestial *Genii* tow'rd their king advance  
 (So call'd by men, in heav'n *Gandharva's* nam'd)  
 For matchless music fam'd.

Soon, where the bands in lucid rows assemble,  
 Flutes breathe, and citherns tremble ;  
 Till CHITRARATHA sings—His painted car,  
 Yet unconsum'd, gleams like an orient star.



*Ev'ry stream his fall suspended :*  
*Silence reign'd ; whose sole dominion*  
*Soon was rais'd, but soon was ended.*

He sings, how 'whilom from the troubled main  
 The sov'reign elephant *Airavān* sprang ;  
 The breathing shell, that peals of conquest rang ;  
 The parent cow, whom none implores in vain ;  
 The milkwhite steed, the bow with deaf'ning clang ;  
 The Goddesses of beauty, wealth, and wine ;  
 Flow'rs, that unfading shine,  
*NA'RA'YAN's* gem, the moonlight's tender languish ;  
 Blue venom, source of anguish ;  
 The solemn leech, slow-moving o'er the strand,  
 A vase of long-sought *Amrit* in his hand.

To soften human ills dread *Siva* drank  
 The pois'nous flood, that stain'd his azure neck ;  
 The rest thy mansions deck,  
 High *Swerga*, stor'd in many a blazing rank.

Thou, God of thunder, satst on *Méru* thron'd,  
 Cloud-riding, mountain-piercing, thonsand-ey'd,  
 With young *PULO'MAJA*, thy blooming bride,  
 Whilst air and skies thy boundless empire own'd ;  
 Hail, *DYUPETIR*, dismay to *BALA's* pride !  
 Or speaks *PURANDER*, best thy martial fame,  
 Or *SACRA*, mystic name ?  
 With various praise in odes and hallow'd story  
 Sweet bards shall hymn thy glory.  
 Thou, *VA'SAVA*, from this unmeasur'd height  
 Shedst pearl, shedst odours o'er the sons of light !

The Genius rested ; for his pow'rful art  
 Had swell'd the monarch's heart with ardour vain,  
 That threaten'd rash disdain, and seem'd to low'r  
 On Gods of loftier pow'r and ampler reign.

He smil'd ; and, warbling in a softer mode,  
 Sang 'the red light'ning, hail, and whelming rain

‘O’er *Gócul* green and *Vraja*’s nymph-lov’d plain  
 By *INDRA* hurl’d, whose altars ne’er had glow’d,  
 Since infant *CRISHNA* rul’d the rustic train  
 Now thrill’d with terrou—Them the heav’nly child  
 Call’d, and with looks ambrosial smil’d,  
 Then with one finger rear’d the vast *Govérdhen*,  
 Beneath whose rocky burden  
 On pastures dry the maids and herdsmen trod :  
 The Lord of thunder felt a mightier God !’

What furies potent modulation soothes !  
 E’en the dilated heart of *INDRA* shrinks :  
 His ruffled brow he smoothes,  
 His lance half-rais’d with listless languor sinks.

A sweeter strain the sage musician chose :  
 He told, how ‘*SACHI*, soft as morning light,  
 Blythe *SACHI*, from her Lord *INDRANI*’ hight,  
 When through clear skies their car ethereal rose,  
 Fix’d on a garden trim her wand’ring sight,  
 Where gay pomegranates, fresh with early dew,  
 Vaunted their blossoms new :  
 “Oh ! pluck, she said, yon gems, which nature dresses  
 To grace my darker tresses.”  
 In form a shepherd’s boy, a God in soul,  
 ‘He hasten’d, and the bloomy treasure stole.

The reckless peasant, who those glowing flow’rs,  
 Hopeful of rubied fruit, had foster’d long,  
 Seiz’d and with cordage strong  
 Shackled the God, who gave him show’rs.

Straight from sev’n winds immortal *Genii* flew,  
 Green *Varuna*, whom foamy waves obey,  
 Bright *Vahni* flaming like the lamp of day,  
*Cuvéra* sought by all, enjoyed by few,  
*Marut*, who bids the winged breezes play,  
 Stern *Yama*, ruthless judge, and *Isa* cold

With *Nairrit* mildly bold :  
 They with the ruddy flash, that points his thunder,  
 Rend his vain bands asunder.  
 Th' exulting God resumes his thousand eyes,  
 Four arms divine, and robes of changing dyes.'

Soft memory retrac'd the youthful scene :  
 The thund'rer yielded to resistless charms,  
 Then smil'd enamour'd on his blushing queen,  
 And melted in her arms.

Such was the vision, which, on *Varan's* breast  
 Or *Asi* pure with offer'd blossoms fill'd,  
*DWAIPA'YAN* slumb'ring saw ; (thus *NA'RED* will'd)  
 For waking eye such glory never bless'd,  
 Nor waking ear such music ever thrill'd.  
 It vanish'd with light sleep : he, rising, prais'd  
 The guarded mount high-raised,  
 And pray'd the thund'ring pow'r, that sheafy treasures,  
 Mild show'rs and vernal pleasures,  
 The lab'ring youth in mead and vale might cheer,  
 And cherish'd herdsmen bless th' abundant year.

Thee, darter of the swift blue bolt, he sang ;  
 Sprinkler of genial dews and fruitful rains  
 O'er hills and thirsty plains !  
 ' When through the waves of war thy charger sprang,  
 Each rock rebellow'd and each forest rang,  
 Till vanquish'd *Asurs* felt avenging pains.  
 Send o'er their seats the snake, that never dies,  
 But waft the virtuous to thy skies !'

# A HYMN

TO

S U' R Y A .

## THE ARGUMENT.

A PLAUSIBLE opinion has been entertained by learned men, that the principal source of idolatry among the ancients was their enthusiastic admiration of the Sun ; and that, when the primitive religion of mankind was lost amid the distractions of establishing regal government, or neglected amid the allurements of vice, they ascribed to the great visible luminary, or to the wonderful fluid, of which it is the general reservoir, those powers of pervading all space and animating all nature, which their wiser ancestors had attributed to one eternal MIND, by whom the substance of fire had been created as an inanimate and secondary cause of natural phenomena. The Mythology of the East confirms this opinion ; and it is probable, that the *triple Divinity* of the *Hindus* was originally no more than a personification of the Sun, whom they call *Treyitenu*, or *Three-bodied*, in his triple capacity of producing forms by his genial *heat*; preserving them by his *light*, or destroying them by the concentrated force of his *igneous* matter : this, with the wilder conceit of a *female power* united with the Godhead, and ruling nature by his authority, will account for nearly the whole system of *Egyptian*, *Indian*, and *Grecian* polytheism, distinguished from the sublime Theology of the Philosophers, whose understandings were too strong to admit the popular belief, but whose influence was too weak to reform it.

SU'RYA, PHŒBUS of *European* heathens, has near fifty names or epithets in the *Sanscrit* language ; most of which, or at least the meanings of them, are introduced in the following Ode ; and every image, that seemed capable of poetical ornament, has been selected from books of the highest authority among the *Hindus* : the title *Arca* is very singular ; and it is remarkable, that the *Tibetians* represent the Sun's car in the form of a *boat*.

It will be necessary to explain a few other particulars of the *Hindu* Mythology, to which allusions are made in the poem. SOMA, or the Moon, is a *male* Deity in the *Indian* system, as *Mona* was, I believe, among the *Saxons*, and *Lunus* among some of the nations, who settled in *Italy* : his titles also, with one or two of the ancient fables, to which they refer, are exhibited in the second stanza. Most of the *Lunar mansions* are believed to be the daughters of *Casyapa*, the first production of *Brahmā's* head, and from their names are derived those of the twelve months, who are here feigned to have married as many constellations : this primeval *Bra'hman* and *Vinatā* are also supposed to have been the parents of *Arun*, the charioteer of the Sun, and of the bird *Garuda*, the eagle of the great *Indian Jove*, one of whose epithets is *Madhā'va*.

After this explanation the Hymn will have few or no difficulties, especially if the reader has perused and studied the *Bhagavadgītā*, with which our literature has been lately enriched, and the fine episode from the *Mahābhārat*, on the production of the *Amrita*, which seems to be almost wholly astronomical, but abounds with poetical beauties. Let the following description of the demon *Rahu*, decapitated by *Nā'ráyan*, be compared with similar passages in *Hesiod* and *Milton* :

tach ch'hailasringapratiman da'navasya sirō mahat  
chacrach'hinnam c'hamutpatya nena'diti bhayancaram,  
tat cabandham pepdāsya visp'hurad dharani'talē  
sapervatavanadwī'pān daityasya'campayanmahim.

## THE HYMN.

FOUNTAIN of living light,  
That o'er all nature streams,  
Of this vast microcosm both nerve and soul ;  
Whose swift and subtil beams,  
Eluding mortal sight,  
Pervade, attract, sustain th' effulgent whole,  
Unite, impel, dilate, calcine,  
Give to gold its weight and blaze,  
Dart from the diamond many-tinted rays,  
Condense, protrude, transform, concoct, refine  
The sparkling daughters of the mine ;  
Lord of the lotos, father, friend, and king,  
O Sun, thy pow'rs I sing :  
Thy substance *Indra* with his heav'nly bands  
Nor sings nor understands ;  
Nor e'en the *Védas* three to man explain  
Thy mystic orb triform, though *Brahma'* tun'd the strain.

Thou, nectar-beaming Moon,  
Regent of dewy night,  
From yon black roe, that in thy bosom sleeps,  
Fawn-spotted *Sasin* hight ;  
Wilt thou desert so soon  
Thy night-flow'rs pale, whom liquid odour steeps,  
And *Oshadhi's* transcendent beam  
Burning in the darkest glade ?  
Will no lov'd name thy gentle mind persuade  
Yet one short hour to shed thy cooling stream ?  
But ah ! we court a passing dream :

Our pray'r nor *Indu* nor *Hima'nsu* hears ;  
 He fades ; he disappears—  
 E'en *Casyapa's* gay daughters twinkling die,  
 And silence lulls the sky,  
 Till *Chatacs* twitter from the moving brake,  
 And sandal-breathing gales on beds of ether wake.

Burst into song, ye spheres ;  
 A greater light proclaim,  
 And hymn, concentric orbs, with sev'nfold chime  
 The God with many a name ;  
 Nor let unhallow'd ears  
 Drink life and rapture from your charm sublime :  
 ' Our bosoms, *Aryama* inspire,  
 Gem of heav'n, and flow'r of day,  
*Vivaswat*, lancer of the golden ray,  
*Divācara*, pure source of holy fire,  
 Victorious '*Ra'ma's* fervid fire,  
 Dread child of *Aditi*, *Martunda* bless'd,  
 Or *Sūra* be address'd,  
*Ravi*, or *Mihira*, or *Bha'nu* bold,  
 Or *Arca*, title old,  
 Or *Heridaswa* drawn by green-hair'd steeds,  
 Or *Carmasacshi* keen, attesting secret deeds.

What fiend, what monster fierce  
 E'er durst thy throne invade ?  
 Malignant *Ra'hu*. Him thy wakeful sight,  
 That could the deepest shade  
 Of snaky *Narac* pierce,  
 Mark'd quaffing nectar ; when by magic sleight  
 A *Sura's* lovely form he wore,  
 Rob'd in light, with lotos crown'd,  
 What time th' immortals peerless treasures found  
 On the churn'd Ocean's gem-bespangled shore,  
 And *Mandar's* load the tortoise bore :  
 Thy voice reveal'd the daring sacrilege ;

Then, by the deathful edge  
Of bright *Sudersan* cleft, his dragon head  
Dismay and horror spread  
Kicking the skies, and struggling to impair  
The radiance of thy robes, and stain thy golden hair.

With smiles of stern disdain  
Thou, sov'reign victor, seest  
His impious rage : soon from the mad assault  
Thy coursers fly releas'd ;  
Then toss each verdant mane,  
And gallop o'er the smooth aerial vault ;  
Whilst in charm'd *Gócul's* od'rous vale  
Blue-ey'd *Yamunà* descends  
Exulting, and her tripping tide suspends,  
The triumph of her mighty sire to hail :  
So must they fall, who Gods assail !  
For now the demon rues his rash emprise,  
Yet, bello'wing blasphemies  
With pois'nous throat, for horrid vengeance thirsts,  
And oft with tempest bursts,  
As oft repell'd he groans in fiery chains,  
And o'er the realms of day unvanquish'd *Súrya* reigns.'

Ye clouds, in wavy wreathes  
Your dusky van unfold ;  
O'er dimpled sands, ye surges, gently flow,  
With sapphires edg'd and gold !  
Loose-tressed morning breathes,  
And spreads her blushes with expansive glow ;  
But chiefly where heav'n's op'ning eye  
Sparkles at her saffron gate,  
How rich, how regal in his orient state !  
Erelong he shall imblaze th' unbounded sky :  
The fiends of darkness yelling fly ;  
While birds of liveliest note and lightest wing  
The rising daystar sing,



Who skirts th' horizon with a blazing line  
 Of topazes divine ;  
 E'en, in their prelude, brighter and more bright,  
 Flames the red east, and pours insufferable light\*.  
 First o'er blue hills appear,  
 With many an agate hoof  
 And pasterns fring'd with pearl, sev'n coursers green ;  
 Nor boasts yon arched woof,  
 That girds the show'ry sphere,  
 Such heav'n-spun threads of colour'd light serene,  
 As tinge the reins, which *Arun* guides,  
 Glowing with immortal grace,  
 Young *Arun*, loveliest of *Vinatian* race,  
 Though younger He, whom *Mádharma* bestrides,  
 When high on eagle-plumes he rides :  
 But oh ! what pencil of a living star  
 Could paint that gorgeous car,  
 In which, as in an ark supremely bright,  
 The lord of boundless light  
 Ascending calm o'er th' empyrean sails,  
 And with ten thousand beams his awful beauty veils.

Behind the glowing wheels  
 Six jocund seasons dance,  
 A radiant month in each quick-shifting hand ;  
 Alternate they advance,  
 While buxom nature feels  
 The grateful changes of the frolic band :  
 Each month a constellation fair  
 Knit in youthful wedlock holds,  
 And o'er each bed a varied sun unfolds,  
 Lest one vast blaze our visual force impair,  
 A canopy of woven air.

*Vasanta* blythe with many a laughing flow'r  
 Decks his *Candarpa's* bow'r ;  
 The drooping pastures thirsty *Grishma* dries,

\* See GRAY's Letters, p. 382, 4to. and the note.

Till *Versha* bids them rise ;  
 Then *Sarat* with full sheaves the champaign fills,  
 Which *Sisira* bedews, and stern *Hémanta* chills.

Mark, how th' all-kindling orb  
 Meridian glory gains !  
 Round *Méru's* breathing zone he winds oblique  
 O'er pure cerulean plains :  
 His jealous flames absorb  
 All meaner lights, and unresisted strike  
 The world with rapt'rous joy and dread.  
 Ocean, smit with melting pain,  
 Shrinks, and the fiercest monster of the main  
 Mantles in caves profound his tusky head  
 With sea-weeds dank and coral spread :  
 Less can mild earth and her green daughters bear  
 The noon's wide-wasting glare ;  
 To rocks the panther creeps ; to woody night  
 The vulture steals his flight ;  
 E'en cold caméléons pant in thickets dun,  
 And o'er the burning grit th' unwinged locusts run !

But when thy foaming steeds  
 Descend with rapid pace  
 Thy fervent axle hast'ning to allay,  
 What majesty, what grace  
 Dart o'er the western meads  
 From thy relenting eye their blended ray !  
 Soon may th' undazzled sense behold  
 Rich as *Vishnu's* diadem,  
 Or *Amrit* sparkling in an azure gem,  
 Thy horizontal globe of molten gold,  
 Which pearl'd and rubied clouds infold.  
 It sinks ; and myriads of diffusive dyes  
 Stream o'er the tissued skies,  
 Till *Sóma* smiles, attracted by the song  
 Of many a plumed throng

In groves, meads, vales ; and, whilst he glides above,  
Each bush and dancing bough quaffs harmony and love.

Then roves thy poet free,

Who with no borrow'd art  
Dares hymn thy pow'r, and durst provoke thy blaze,  
But felt thy thrilling dart ;  
And now, on lowly knee,  
From him, who gave the wound, the balsam prays.  
Herbs, that assuage the fever's pain,  
Scatter from thy rolling car,  
Cull'd by sage *Aswin* and divine *Cuma'r* ;  
And, if they ask, " What mortal pours the strain ?"  
Say (for thou seest earth, air, and main)  
Say : " From the bosom of yon silver isle,  
Where skies more softly smile,  
He came ; and, lisping our celestial tongue,  
Though not from *Brahma*'s sprung,  
Draws orient knowledge from its fountains pure,  
Through caves obstructed long, and paths too long obscure.

Yes ; though the *Sanscrit* song  
Be strown with fancy's wreathes,  
And emblems rich, beyond low thoughts refin'd,  
Yet heav'nly truth it breathes  
With attestation strong,  
That, loftier than thy sphere, th' Eternal Mind,  
Unmov'd unrival'd undefil'd,  
Reigns with providence benign:  
He still'd the rude abyss, and bade it shine  
(While Sapience with approving aspect mild  
Saw the stupendous work, and smil'd) ;  
Next thee, his flaming minister, bade rise  
O'er young and wondering skies.  
Since thou, great orb, with all-enlight'ning ray  
Rulest the golden day,  
How far more glorious He, who said serene,  
Be, and thou wast—Himself unform'd, unchang'd, unseen

# A HYMN

TO

L A C S H M I'.

---

## THE ARGUMENT.

**MOST** of the allusions to *Indian* Geography and Mythology, which occur in the following Ode to the Goddess of Abundance have been explained on former occasions ; and the rest are sufficiently clear. LACSHMI', or SRI', the CERES of *India*, is the *preserving power* of nature, or, in the language of allegory, the consort of VISHNU or HERI, a personification of the divine goodness ; and her origin is variously deduced in the several *purāṇa's*, as we might expect from a system wholly figurative and emblematical. Some represent her as the daughter of BHRIGU, a son of BRAHMA' ; but, in the *Mā'rcandēya Purāṇ*, the *Indian* Isis, or *Nature*, is said to have assumed three transcendent forms, according to her three *guṇa's* or *qualities*, and, in each of them, to have produced a pair of divinities, BRAHMA' and LACSHMI', MAHE'SA and SERESWATI', VISHNU and CA'LI' ; after whose intermarriage, BRAHMA' and SERESWATI' formed the mundane Egg, which MAHE'SA and CA'LI' divided into halves ; and VISHNU together with LACSHMI' preserved it from destruction : a third story supposes her to have sprung from the *Sea of milk*, when it was churned on the second incarnation of HERI, who is often painted reclining on the serpent ANANTA, the emblem of eternity ; and this fable, whatever may be the meaning of it, has been chosen as the most poetical. The other names of SRI', or *Prosperity*, are HERIPRIYA', PEDMA'LAYA', or PEDMA' and CAMALA ; the first implying the wife of VISHNU, and the rest derived from the names of the Lotos. As to the tale of SUDA'MAN, whose

wealth is proverbial among the *Hindus*, it is related at considerable length in the *Bhāgavat*, or great *purān* on the Achievements of CRISHNA : the *Brahmen*, who read it with me, was frequently stopped by his tears. We may be inclined perhaps to think, that the wild fables of idolaters are not worth knowing, and that we may be satisfied with mispending our time in learning the Pagan Theology of old *Greece* and *Rome* ; but we must consider, that the allegories contained in the Hymn to LACSHMI constitute at this moment the prevailing religion of a most extensive and celebrated Empire, and are devoutly believed by many millions, whose industry adds to the revenue of *Britain*, and whose manners, which are interwoven with their religious opinions, nearly affect all *Europeans*, who reside among them.

## THE HYMN

---

DAUGHTER of Ocean and primeval Night,  
Who, fed with moonbeams dropping silver dew,  
And cradled in a wild wave dancing light,  
Saw'st with a smile new shores and creatures new,  
Thee, Goddess, I salute ; thy gifts I sing,

And, not with idle wing,  
Soar from this fragrant bow'r through tepid skies,  
Ere yet the steeds of noon's effulgent king  
Shake their green manes and blaze with rubied eyes :  
Hence, floating o'er the smooth expense of day,

Thy bounties I survey,  
See through man's oval realm thy charms display'd,  
See clouds, air, earth, performing thy behest,  
Plains by soft show'rs, thy tripping handmaids, dress'd,  
And fruitful woods, in gold and gems array'd,  
Spangling the mingled shade ;

While autumn boon his yellow ensign rears,  
And stores the world's true wealth in rip'ning ears.

But most that central tract thy smile adorns,  
Which old *Himāla* clips with fast'ring arms,  
As with a waxing moon's half-circling horns,  
And shields from bandits fell, or worse alarms  
Of *Tatar* horse from *Yunan* late subdued,

Or *Bactrian* bowmen rude ;  
Snow-crown'd *Himāla*, whence, with wavy wings  
Far spread, as falcons o'er their nestlings brood,  
Fam'd *Brahmaputra* joy and verdure brings, <sup>3</sup>  
And *Sindhu's* five-arm'd flood from *Cashghar* hastes,  
To cheer the rocky wastes,  
Through western this and that through orient plains ;

While bluish *Yamunā* between them streams,  
 And *Gangā* pure with sunny radiance gleams,  
 Till *Vānī*, whom a russet ochre stains,

    Their destin'd confluence gains :  
 Then flows in mazy knot the triple pow'r  
 O'er laughing *Magadh* and the vales of *Gour*.

Not long inswath'd the sacred infant lay  
 (Celestial forms full soon their prime attain) :  
 Her eyes, oft darted o'er the liquid way,  
 With golden light emblaz'd the darkling main ;  
 And those firm breasts, whence all our comforts well,

    Rose with enchanting swell ;  
 Her loose hair with the bounding billows play'd,  
 And caught in charming toils each pearly shell,  
 That idling through the surgy forest stray'd ;  
 When ocean suffer'd a portentous change,  
 Toss'd with convulsion strange ;  
 For lofty *Mandar* from his base was torn,  
 With streams, rocks, woods, by Gods and Demons whirl'd,  
 While round his craggy sides the mad spray curl'd,  
 Hugh mountain, by the passive *Tortoise* borne :

    Then sole, but not forlorn,  
 Shipp'd in a flow'r, that balmy sweets exhal'd,  
 O'er waves of dulcet cream *PEDMA'LA'* sail'd.

So name the Goddess from her *Lotos* blue,  
 Or *CAMALA'*, if more auspicious deem'd :  
 With many-petal'd wings the blossom flew,  
 And from the mount a flutt'ring sea-bird seem'd,  
 Till on the shore it stopp'd, the heav'n-lov'd shore,

    Bright with unvalued store  
 Of gems marine by mirthful *INDRA* won ;  
 But she, (what brighter gem had shone before ?)  
 No bride for old *MA'RI'CHA*'s frolic son,  
 On azure *HERI* fix'd her prosp'ring eyes :

    Love bade the bridegroom rise ;  
 Straight o'er the deep, then dimpling smooth, he rush'd ;

And tow'rd th' unmeasur'd snake, stupendous bed,  
 The world's great mother, not reluctant, led :  
 All nature glów'd, whene'er she smil'd or blush'd,  
     The king of serpents hush'd  
 His thousand heads, where diamond mirrors blaz'd,  
 That multiplied her image, as he gaz'd.

Thus multiplied, thus wedded, they pervade,  
 In varying myriads of ethereal forms,  
 This pendent Egg by dovelike MA'YA' laid,  
 And quell MAHE'SA's ire, when most it storms ;  
 Ride on keen lightning and disarm its flash,

    Or bid loud surges lash  
 Th' impassive rock, and leave the rolling barque  
 With oars unshatter'd milder seas to dash ;  
 And oft, as man's unnumber'd woes they mark,  
 They spring to birth in some high-favour'd line,  
     Half human, half divine,

And tread life's maze transfigur'd, unimpair'd :  
 As when, through blest Vrinda'van's od'rous grove,  
 They deign'd with hinds and village girls to rove,  
 And myrth or toil in field or dairy shar'd,

    As lowly rustics far'd :  
 Blythe RA'DHA' she, with speaking eyes, was nam'd,  
 He CRISHNA, lov'd in youth, in manhood fam'd.

Though long in Mathura' with milkmaids bred,  
 Each bush attuning with his past'ral flute,  
 ANANDA's holy steers the Herdsman fed,  
 His nobler mind aspir'd to nobler fruit :  
 The fiercest monsters of each brake or wood

    His youthful arm withstood,  
 And from the rank mire of the stagnant lake  
 Drew the crush'd serpent with ensanguin'd hood ;  
 Then, worse than rav'ning beast or fenny snake,  
 A ruthless king his pond'rous mace laid low,  
     And heav'n approv'd the blow :



in bow'r or wattled cabin pent,  
 By rills he scorn'd and flow'ry banks to dwell,  
 His pipe lay tuneless, and his wreathy shell  
 With martial clangor hills and forests rent ;

On crimson wars intent  
 He sway'd high *Dwa'raca'*, that fronts the mouth  
 Of gulfy *Sindhu* from the burning south.

A Brähmen young, who, when the heav'nly boy  
 In *Vraja* green and scented *Gócul* play'd,  
 Partook each transient care, each fitting joy,  
 And hand in hand through dale or thicket stray'd;  
 By fortune sever'd from the blissful seat,

Had sought a lone retreat ;  
 Where in a costless hut sad hours he pass'd,  
 Its mean thatch pervious to the daystar's heat,  
 And fenceless from night's dew or pinching blast :  
 Firm virtue he possess'd and vigorous health,

But they were all his wealth.  
*SUDA'MAN* was he nam'd ; and many a year  
 (If glowing song can life and honour give)  
 From sun to sun his honour'd name shall live :  
 Oft strove his consort wise their gloom to cheer,  
 And hide the stealing tear ;  
 But all her thrift could scarce each eve afford  
 The needful sprinkling of their scanty board.

Now Fame, who rides on sunbeams, and conveys  
 To woods and antres deep her spreading gleam,  
 Illumin'd earth and heav'n with *CRISHNA*'s praise :  
 Each forest echoed loud the joyous theme,  
 But keener joy *SUDA'MAN*'s bosom thrill'd,

And tears ecstatic rill'd :  
 " My friend, he cried, is monarch of the skies !"   
 Then counsell'd she, who nought unseemly will'd :  
 " Oh ! haste ; oh ! seek the God with lotos eyes ;  
 The pow'r that stoops to soften human pain,

Though bashful penury his hope depress'd ;  
 A tatter'd cincture was his only vest,  
 And o'er his weaker shoulder loosely spread

Floated the mystic thread :

Secure from scorn the crowded paths he trode  
 Through yielding ranks, and hail'd the Shepherd God.

“ Friend of my childhood, lov'd in riper age,  
 A dearer guest these mansions never grac'd :  
 O meek in social hours, in council sage ! ”  
 So spake the Warriour, and his neck embrac'd ;  
 And e'en the Goddess left her golden seat

Her lord's compeer to greet :

He charm'd, but prostrate on the hallow'd floor,  
 Their purpled vestment kiss'd and radiant feet ;  
 Then from a small fresh leaf, a borrow'd store  
 (Such off'rings e'en to mortal kings are due)

Of modest rice he drew.

Some proffer'd grains the soft-cy'd Hero ate,  
 And more had eaten, but, with placid mien,  
 Bright RUCMINI' (thus name th' all-bounteous Queen)  
 Exclaim'd : “ Ah, hold ! enough for mortal state ! ”

Then grave on themes elate

Discoursing, or on past adventures gay,  
 They clos'd with converse mild the rapt'rous day.

At smile of dawn dismiss'd, ungifted, home  
 The hermit plodded, till sublimely rais'd  
 On granite columns many a sumptuous dome  
 He view'd, and many a spire, that richly blaz'd,  
 And seem'd, impurpled by the blush of morn,

The lowlier plains to scorn

Imperious : they, with conscious worth serene,  
 Laugh'd at vain pride, and bade new gems adorn  
 Each rising shrub, that clad them. Lovely scene  
 And more than human ! His astonish'd sight

Drank deep the strange delight :

He saw brisk fountains dance, crisp riv'lets wind  
 O'er borders trim, and round inwoven bow'rs,  
 Where sportive creepers, threading ruby flow'rs  
 On em'rald stalks, each vernal arch intwin'd,  
     Luxuriant though confin'd;  
 And heard sweet-breathing gales in whispers tell  
 From what young bloom they sipp'd their spicy smell.

Soon from the palace-gate in broad array  
 A maiden legion, touching tuneful strings,  
 Descending strow'd with flow'rs the brighten'd way,  
 And straight, their jocund van in equal wings  
 Unfolding, in their vacant centre show'd  
     Their chief, whose vesture glow'd  
 With carbuncles and smiling pearls atween;  
 And o'er her head a veil translucent flow'd,  
 Which, dropping light, disclos'd a beauteous queen,  
 Who, breathing love, and swift with timid grace,  
     Sprang to her lord's embrace  
 With ardent greeting and sweet blandishment;  
 His were the marble tow'rs, th' officious train,  
 The gems unequal'd and the large domain:  
 When bursting joy its rapid stream had spent,  
     The stores, which heav'n had lent,  
 He spread unsparing, unattach'd employ'd,  
 With meekness view'd, with temp'rate bliss enjoy'd.

Such were thy gifts, PEDMA'LA', such the pow'r!  
 For, when thy smile irradiates yon blue fields,  
 Observant INDRA sheds the genial show'r,  
 And pregnant earth her springing tribute yields  
 Of spiry blades, that clothe the champaign dank,  
     Or skirt the verd'rous bank,  
 That in th' o'erflowing rill allays his thirst:  
 Then, rising gay in many a waving rank,  
 The stalks redundant into laughter burst;  
 The rivers broad, like busy should'ring bands,  
     Clap their applauding hands;

The marish dances and the forest sings ;  
 The vaunting trees their bloomy banners rear ;  
 And shouting hills proclaim th' abundant year,  
 That food to herds, to herdsmen plenty brings,

And wealth to guardian kings.

Shall man unthankful riot on thy stores ?

Ah, no ! he bends, he blesses, he adores.

But, when his vices rank thy frown excite,  
 Excessive show'rs the plains and valleys drench,  
 Or warping insects heath and coppice blight,  
 Or drought unceasing, which no streams can quench,  
 The germin shrivels or contracts the shoot,

Or burns the wasted root :

Then fade the groves with gather'd crust imbrown'd,  
 The hills lie gasping, and the woods are mute,  
 Low sink the riv'lets from the yawning ground ;  
 Till Famine gaunt her screaming pack lets slip,

And shakes her scorpion whip ;

Dire forms of death spread havock, as she flies,  
 Pain at her skirts and Mis'ry by her side,  
 And jabb'ring spectres o'er her traces glide ;  
 The mother clasps her babe, with livid eyes,

Then, faintly shrieking, dies :

He drops expiring, or but lives to feel

The vultures bick'ring for their horrid meal.

From ills, that, painted, harrow up the breast,  
 (What agonies, if real, must they give !)

Preserve thy vot'ries : be their labours blest !

Oh ! bid the patient *Hindu* rise and live.

His erring mind, that wizard lore beguiles

Clouded by priestly wiles,

To senseless nature bows for nature's God.

Now, stretch'd o'er ocean's vast from happier isles,

He sees the wand of empire, not the rod :

Ah, may those beams, that western skies illume,

Disperse th' unholy gloom !

Meanwhile may laws, by myriads long rever'd,  
Their strife appease, their gentler claims decide ;  
So shall their victors, mild with virtuous pride,  
To many a cherish'd grateful race endear'd,

With temper'd love be fear'd :  
Though mists profane obscure their narrow ken,  
They err, yet feel ; though pagans, they are men.

# A HYMN

TO

N A' R A' Y E N A

## THE ARGUMENT.

A COMPLETE introduction to the following Ode would be no less than a full comment on the VAYDS and PURA'NS of the HINDUS, the remains of *Egyptian* and *Persian* Theology, and the tenets of the *Ionic* and *Italic* Schools; but this is not the place for so vast a disquisition. It will be sufficient here to premise, that the inextricable difficulties attending the *vulgar notion of material substances*, concerning which

“We know this only, that we nothing know,”

induced many of the wisest among the Ancients, and some of the most enlightened among the Moderns, to believe, that the whole Creation was rather an *energy* than a *work*, by which the Infinite Being, who is present at all times in all places, exhibits to the minds of his creatures a set of perceptions, like a wonderful picture or piece of music, always varied, yet always uniform; so that all bodies and their qualities exist, indeed, to every wise and useful purpose, but exist only as far as they are *perceived*; a theory no less pious than sublime, and as different from any principle of Atheism, as the brightest sunshine differs from the blackest midnight. This *illusive operation* of the Deity the *Hindu* philosophers call MA'YA', or *Deception*; and the word occurs in this sense more than once in the commentary on the *Rig Vayd*, by the great VASISHTHA, of which Mr. HALHED has given us an admirable specimen.

The *first* stanza of the Hymn represents the sublimest attributes of the Supreme Being, and the three forms, in which they most clearly appear to us, *Power, Wisdom, and Goodness*, or, in the language of ORPHEUS and his disciples, *Love* : the *second* comprises the *Indian* and *Egyptian* doctrine of the Divine Essence and Archetypal *Ideas* ; for a distinct account of which the reader must be referred to a noble description in the sixth book of PLATO's *Republic* ; and the fine explanation of that passage in an elegant discourse by the author of CYRUS, from whose learned work a hint has been borrowed for the conclusion of this piece. The *third* and *fourth* are taken from the Institutes of MENU, and the eighteenth *puran* of VYA'SA', entitled *Srey Bhagawat*, part of which has been translated into *Persian*, not without elegance, but rather too paraphrastically. From BREHME, or the *Great Being*, in the *neuter* gender, is formed BREHMA', in the *masculine* ; and the second word is appropriated to the *creative power* of the Divinity.

The spirit of God, called NA'RA'YENA, or *moving on the water*, has a multiplicity of other epithets in *Sanscrit*, the principal of which are introduced, expressly or by allusion, in the *fifth* stanza ; and two of them contain the names of the *evil beings*, who are feigned to have sprung from the ears of VISHNU ; for thus the divine spirit is entitled, when considered as the *preserving power* : the *sixth* ascribes the perception of *secondary* qualities by our *senses* to the immediate influence of MA'YA' ; and the *seventh* imputes to her operation the *primary* qualities of *extension* and *solidity*.

## THE HYMN

---

SPIRIT of Spirits, who, through ev'ry part  
Of space expanded and of endless time,  
Beyond the stretch of lab'ring thought sublime,  
Badst uproar into beauteous order start,  
Before Heav'n was, Thou art ;

Ere spheres beneath us roll'd or spheres above,  
Ere earth in firmamental ether hung,  
Thou satst alone ; till, through thy mystic Love,  
Things unexisting to existence sprung,

And grateful descant sung.

What first impell'd thee to exert thy might ?  
Goodness unlimited. What glorious light  
Thy pow'r directed ? Wisdom without bound.  
What prov'd it first ? Oh ! guide my fancy right ;  
Oh ! raise from combrous ground  
My soul in rapture drown'd,

That fearless it may soar on wings of fire ;  
For Thou, who only knowst, Thou only canst inspire.

Wrapt in eternal solitary shade,  
Th' impenetrable gloom of light intense,  
Impervious, inaccessible, immense,  
Ere spirits were infus'd or forms display'd,  
BREHM his own Mind survey'd,

As mortal eyes (thus finite we compare  
With infinite) in smoothest mirrors gaze :  
Swift, at his look, a shape supremely fair  
Leap'd into being with a boundless blaze,  
That fifty suns might daze.

Primeval MAYA was the Goddess nam'd,



Who to her sire, with Love divine inflam'd,  
 A casket gave with rich *Ideas* fill'd,  
 From which this gorgeous Universe he fram'd;  
     For, when th' Almighty will'd  
     Unnumber'd worlds to build,  
 From Unity diversified he sprang,  
 While gay Creation laugh'd, and procreant Nature rang.  
 First an all-potent all-pervading sound  
     Bade flow the waters—and the waters flow'd,  
     Exulting in their measureless abode,  
     Diffusive, multitudinous, profound,  
     Above, beneath, around ;  
 Then o'er the vast expanse primordial wind  
     Breath'd gently, till a lucid bubble rose,  
     Which grew in perfect shape an Egg refin'd :  
     Created substance no such lustre shows,  
     Earth no such beauty knows.  
 Above the warring waves it danc'd elate,  
     Till from its bursting shell with lovely state  
     A form cerulean flutter'd o'er the deep,  
     Brightest of beings, greatest of the great :  
     Who, not as mortals steep,  
     Their eyes in dewy sleep,  
     But heav'nly-pensive on the Lotos lay,  
 That blossom'd at his touch and shed a golden ray.  
 Hail, primal blossom ! hail empyreal gem !  
     KEMEL, or PEDMA, or whate'er high name  
     Delight thee, say, what four-form'd Godhead came,  
     With graceful stole and beamy diadem,  
     Forth from thy verdant stem ?  
 Full-gifted BREHMA ! Rapt in solemn thought  
     He stood, and round his eyes fire-darting threw ;  
     But, whilst his viewless origin he sought,  
     One plain he saw of living waters blue,  
     Their spring nor saw nor knew.

Then, in his parent stalk again retir'd,  
 With restless pain for ages he inquir'd  
 What were his pow'rs, by whom, and why conferr'd :  
 With doubts perplex'd, with keen impatience fir'd  
 He rose, and rising heard  
 Th' unknown all-knowing Word,  
 "BREHMA ! no more in vain research persist :  
 My veil thou canst not move—Go ; bid all worlds exist."

Hail, self-existent, in celestial speech  
 NARAYEN, from thy watry cradle, nam'd ;  
 Or VENAMALY may I sing unblam'd,  
 With flow'ry braids, that to thy sandals reach,  
 Whose beauties, who can teach ?  
 Or high PEITAMBER clad in yellow robes  
 Than sunbeams brighter in meridian glow,  
 That weave their heav'n-spun light o'er circling globes ?  
 Unwearied, lotos-eyed, with dreadful bow,  
 Dire Evil's constant foe !  
 Great PEDMANABHA, o'er thy cherish'd world  
 The pointed *Cheera*, by thy fingers whirl'd,  
 Fierce KYTABU shall destroy and MEDHU grim  
 To black despair and deep destruction hurl'd.  
 Such views my senses dim,  
 My eyes in darkness swim :  
 What eye can bear thy blaze, what utt'rance tell  
 Thy deeds with silver trump or many-wreathed shell ?  
 Omniscient Spirit, whose all-ruling pow'r  
 Bids from each sense bright emanations beam ;  
 Glows in the rainbow, sparkles in the stream,  
 Smiles in the bud, and glistens in the flow'r ;  
 That crowns each vernal bow'r ;  
 Sighs in the gale, and warbles in the throat  
 Of ev'ry bird, that hails the bloomy spring,  
 Or tells his love in many a liquid note,  
 Whilst envious artists touch the rival string,

Till rocks and forests ring ;  
 Breathes in rich fragrance from the sandal grove,  
 Or where the precious musk-deer playful rove ;  
 In dulcet juice from clust'ring fruit distills,  
 And burns salubrious in the tasteful clove :  
 Soft banks and verd'rous hills  
 Thy present influence fills ;  
 In air, in floods, in caverns, woods, and plains ;  
 Thy will inspirits all, thy sov'reign MAYA reigns.  
 Blue crystal vault, and elemental fires,  
 That in th' ethereal fluid blaze and breathe ;  
 Thou, tossing main, whose snaky branches wreathe  
 This pensile orb with intertwisted gyres ;  
 Mountains, whose radiant spires  
 Presumptuous rear their summits to the skies,  
 And blend their em'rald hue with sapphire light ;  
 Smooth meads and lawns, that glow with varying dyes  
 Of dew-bespangled leaves and bloffoms bright,  
 Hence ! vanish from my sight :  
 Delusive Pictures ! unsubstantial shows !  
 My soul absorb'd One only Being knows,  
 Of all perceptions One abundant source,  
 Whence ev'ry object ev'ry moment flows :  
 Suns hence derive their force,  
 Hence planets learn their course ;  
 But suns and fading worlds I view no more :  
 God only I perceive ; God only I adore.

# A HYMN

## TO

### S E R E S W A T Y.

---

#### THE ARGUMENT.

THE *Hindu* Goddesses are uniformly represented as the subordinate *powers* of their respective lords : thus LACSHMY, the consort of VISHNU the *Preserver*, is the Goddess of *abundance* and *prosperity*; BHAVA'NY, the wife of MAHA'DE'v, is the genial power of *fecundity*; and SERESWATY, whose husband was the *Creator* BREHMA', possesses the powers of *Imagination* and *Invention*, which may justly be termed *creative*. She is, therefore, adored as the patroness of the fine arts, especially of *Music* and *Rhetoric*, as the inventress of the SANSKRIT Language, of the *Dévanágrí* Letters, and of the sciences, which writing perpetuates ; so that her attributes correspond with those of MINERVA MUSICA, in *Greece* and *Italy*, who invented the flute, and presided over literature. In this character she is addressed in the following ode, and particularly as the *Goddess of Harmony*; since the *Indians* usually paint her with a musical instrument in her hand : the seven notes, an artful combination of which constitutes *Music* and variously affects the passions, are feigned to be her earliest production ; and the greatest part of the Hymn exhibits a correct delineation of the RA'GMA'LA', or *Necklace of Musical Modes*, which may be considered as the most pleasing invention of the ancient *Hindus*, and the most beautiful union of *Painting* with poetical *Mythology* and the genuine theory of *Music*.

The different position of the *two* semitones in the scale of *seven* notes gives birth to seven *primary* modes ; and, as the whole series consists of *twelve* semitones, every one of which may be made a *modal* note or *tonic*, there are in nature, (though not universally in practice) *seventy-seven* other modes, which may

be called *derivative* : all the *eighty-four* are distributed by the PERSIANS, under the notion of *locality*, into three classes consisting of *twelve* rooms, *twenty-four* angles, and *forty-eight* recesses ; but the HINDU arrangement is elegantly formed on the variations of the *Indian* year, and the association of ideas ; a powerful auxiliary to the ordinary effect of modulation. The Modes, in this system, are deified ; and, as there are *six* seasons in *India*, namely, two Springs, Summer, Autumn, and two Winters, an original RA'G, or *God of the Mode*, is conceived to preside over a particular season ; each principal mode is attended by *five* RA'GNYs, or *Nymphs of Harmony* ; each has *eight* Sons, or *Genii* of the same divine Art ; and each RA'G, with his family, is appropriated to a distinct season, in which alone his melody can be sung or played at prescribed hours of the day and night : the mode of DEIPEC, or CUPID the *Inflamer*, is supposed to be lost ; and a tradition is current in *Hindustan*, that a musician, who attempted to restore it, was consumed by fire from heaven. The natural distribution of modes would have been *seven*, *thirty-three*, and *forty-four*, according to the number of the *minor* and *major* secondary tones ; but this order was varied for the sake of the charming fiction above-mentioned. NA'RED, who is described in the *third* stanza, was one of the first created beings, corresponding with the MERCURY of the *Italians*, inventor of the VENE, a fretted instrument supported by two large *gourds*, and confessedly the finest used in *Asia*.

A full discussion of so copious a subject would require a separate dissertation ; but here it will be sufficient to say, that almost every allusion and every epithet in the Poem, as well as the names, are selected from approved treatises, either originally *Persian* or translated from the *Sanscrit*, which contain as lively a display of genius, as human imagination ever exhibited.

The last couplet alludes to the celebrated place of pilgrimage, at the confluence of the *Gangâ* and *Yamnâ*, which the *Sereswatî*, another sacred river, is supposed to join under ground.

## THE HYMN

---

SWEET grace of BREHMA's bed !  
Thou, when thy glorious lord  
Bade airy nothing breathe and bless his pow'r,  
Satst with illumin'd head,  
And, in sublime accord,  
Sev'n sprightly notes, to hail th' auspicious hour,  
Ledst from their secret bow'r :  
They drank the air ; they came  
With many a sparkling glance,  
And knit the mazy dance,  
Like yon bright orbs, that gird the solar flame,  
Now parted, now combin'd,  
Clear as thy speech and various as thy mind.  
Young Passions at the sound  
In shadowy forms arose,  
O'er hearts, yet uncreated, sure to reign ;  
Joy, that o'erleaps all bound,  
Grief, that in silence grows,  
Hope, that with honey blends the cup of pain,  
Pale Fear, and stern Disdain,  
Grim Wrath's avenging band,  
Love, nurs'd in dimple smooth,  
That ev'ry pang can soothe ;  
But, when soft Pity her meek trembling hand  
Stretch'd, like a new-born girl,  
Each sigh was music, and each tear a pearl.  
Thee her great parent owns  
All-ruling Eloquence,  
That, like full GANGA, pours her stream divine  
Alarming states and thrones :

To fix the flying sense  
 Of words, thy daughters, by the varied line  
     (Stupendous art !) was Thine ;  
     Thine, with pointed reed  
     To give primeval Truth  
     Th' unfading bloom of youth,  
 And paint on deathless leaves high Virtue's meed :  
     Fair Science, heav'n-born child,  
 And playful Fancy on thy bosom smil'd.

Who bids the fretted *Vene*  
 Start from his deep repose,  
 And wakes to melody the quiv'ring frame ?  
     What youth with goldlike mien  
     O'er his bright shoulder throws  
 The verdant gourd, that swells with struggling flame ?  
     NA' RED, immortal name !  
     He, like his potent Sire,  
     Creative spreads around  
     The mighty world of sound,  
 And calls from speaking wood ethereal fire ;  
     While to th' accordant strings  
 Of boundless heav'ns and heav'nly deeds he sings.

But look ! the jocund hours  
 A lovelier scene display,  
 Young HINDOL sportive in his golden swing  
     High-canopied with flow'rs ;  
     While *Ràgny's* ever gay  
 Toss the light cordage, and in cadence sing  
     The sweet return of Spring :  
     Here dark *Viráwer* stands ;  
     There *Rámcaiy* divine  
     And fawn-eyed *Lelit* shine ;  
 But stern *Daysàsha* leads her warring bands,  
     And slow in ebon clouds  
*Petmenjary* her fading beauty shrouds.

Ah ! where has DEIPEC veil'd  
 His flame-encircled head ?  
 Where flow his lays too sweet for mortal ears ?  
 O loss how long bewail'd !  
 Is yellow *Cámód* fled ?  
 And blythe *Cárnàty* vaunting o'er her peers ?  
 Where stream *Cayda'r's* tears  
 Intent on scenes above,  
 A beauteous anchorite ?  
 No more shall *Daysa* bright  
 With gentle numbers call her tardy love ?  
 Has *Netta*, martial maid,  
 Lock'd in sad slumbers her sky-temper'd blade ?

Once, when the vernal noon  
 Blaz'd with resistless glare,  
 The Sun's eye sparkled, and a God was born :  
 He smil'd ; but vanish'd soon——  
 Then groan'd the northern air ;  
 The clouds, in thunder mutt'ring sullen scorn,  
 Delug'd the thirsty corn.  
 But, earth-born artist, hold !  
 If e'er thy soaring lyre  
 To *Deipec's* notes aspire,  
 Thy strings, thy bow'r, thy breast with rapture bold,  
 Red lightning shall consume ;  
 Nor can thy sweetest song avert the doom.

See sky-form'd MAYGH descend  
 In fertilising rain,  
 Whilst in his hand a falchion gleams unsheath'd !  
 Soft nymphs his car attend,  
 And raise the golden grain,  
 Their tresses dank with dusky spikenard wreath'd :  
 (A sweeter gale ne'er breath'd)  
*Tenca* with laughing eyes,  
 And *Gujry's* bloomy cheek,



*Mela'r* with dimple sleek ,  
 On whose fair front two musky crescents rise :  
     While *Daysca'r* his rich neck  
 And mild *Bhopa'ly* with fresh jasmin deck.

Is that the King of Dread  
     With ashy musing face,  
 From whose moon-silver'd locks fam'd GANGA springs ?  
     'Tis BHAIKARAN, whose gay bed  
     Five blushing damsels grace,  
 And rouse old Autumn with immortal strings,  
     Till ev'ry forest rings ;  
     *Benga'ly* lotos-crown'd,  
     *Vaira'ty* like the morn,  
     *Sindvy* with looks of scorn,  
 And *Bhairavy*, her brow with *Champa's* bound ;  
     But *Medhuma'dha's* eyes  
 Speak love, and from her breast pomegranates rise.

Sing loud, ye lucid spheres ;  
     Ye gales, more briskly play,  
 And wake with harmony the drooping meads :  
     The cooler season cheers  
     Each bird, that panting lay,  
 And SIKH bland his dancing bevy leads  
     Hymning celestial deeds :  
     *Marva'* with robes like fire,  
     *Vasant* whose hair perfumes  
     With musk its rich-eyed plumes,  
*A'sa'very*, whom list'ning asps admire,  
     *Dhena'sry*, flow'r of glades,  
 And *Ma'lsry*, whom the branching *Amra* shades.

MALKAUS apart reclines  
     Bedeck'd with heav'n-strung pearls,  
 Blue-mantled, wanton, drunk with youthful pride ;  
     Nor with vain love repines,  
     While softly-smiling girls

Melt on his cheek or frolic by his side,  
 And wintry winds deride ;  
*Shambha'uty* leads along  
*Cocabh* with kerchief rent,  
 And *Gaûry* wine-besprent,  
 Warm *Guncary*, and *Toda* sweet in song,  
 Whom antelopes surround  
 With smooth tall necks, and quaff the streaming sound.  
 Nor deem these nuptial joys  
 With lovely fruit unblest :  
 No ; from each God an equal race proceeds,  
 From each eight blooming boys ;  
 Who, their high birth confess'd,  
 With infant lips gave breath to living reeds  
 In valleys, groves, and meads :  
 Mark how they bound and glance !  
 Some climb the vocal trees,  
 Some catch the sighing breeze,  
 Some, like new stars, with twinkling sandals dance ;  
 Some the young *Shamma* snare,  
 Some warble wild, and some the burden bear.  
 These are thy wond'rous arts ;  
 Queen of the flowing speech,  
 Thence SERESWATY nam'd and VA'NY bright !  
 Oh, joy of mortal hearts,  
 Thy mystic wisdom teach ;  
 Expand thy leaves, and, with ethereal light,  
 Spangle the veil of night.  
 If LEPIT please thee more,  
 Or BRA'HMY, awful name,  
 Dread BRA'HMY's aid we claim,  
 And thirst, VA'CDE'VY, for thy balmy lore  
 Drawn from that rubied cave,  
 Where meek-ey'd pilgrims hail the triple wave.

# A HYMN

TO

G A N G A'.

---

## THE ARGUMENT.

THIS poem would be rather obscure without geographical notes ; but a short introductory explanation will supply the place of them, and give less interruption to the reader.

We are obliged to a late illustrious *Chinese* monarch named CAN-HI', who directed an accurate survey to be made of *Pótyid* or (as it is called by the *Arabs*) *Tebbut*, for our knowledge, that a chain of mountains nearly parallel with *Imaus*, and called *Cantésè* by the *Tartars*, forms a line of separation between the sources of two vast rivers ; which, as we have abundant reason to believe, run at first in opposite directions, and, having finished a winding circuit of two thousand miles, meet a little below *Dha'cà*, so as to inclose the richest and most beautiful peninsula on earth, in which the BRITISH nation, after a prosperous course of brilliant actions in peace and war, have now the principal sway. These rivers are *deified* in INDIA ; that, which rises on the *Western* edge of the mountain, being considered as the daughter of MAHA'DÉ'VA or SIVA, and the other as the son of BRAHMA' : their loves, wanderings, and nuptials are the chief subject of the following Ode, which is feigned to have been the work of a BRA'HMEN, in an early age of HINDU antiquity, who, by a prophetic spirit, discerns the toleration and equity of the BRITISH government, and concludes with a prayer for its *peaceful duration under good laws well administered*.

After a general description of the *Ganges*, an account is given of her fabulous birth, like that of *Pallas*, from the forehead of *Siva*, the *Jupiter Tonans* and *Genitor* of the *Latins*; and the creation of her lover by an act of *Brahmā's* will is the subject of another stanza, in which his course is delineated through the country of *Pōtyid*, by the name of *Sanpō*, or *Supreme Bliss*, where he passes near the fortress of *Rimbū*, the island of *Palté* or *Yambrō* (known to be the seat of a high priestess almost equally venerated with the Goddess *Bhawa'ni*) and *Trashilhumbo* (as a *Pōtya* or *Tebbutian* would pronounce it), or the sacred mansion of the *Lama* next in dignity to that of *Pōtala*, who resides in a city, to the south of the *Sanpō*, which the *Italian* travellers write *Sgigatzhè*, but which, according to the letters, ought rather to be written in a manner, that would appear still more barbarous in our orthography. The *Brahmaputra* is not mentioned again till the *twelfth* stanza, where his progress is traced, by very probable conjecture, through *Rangama'ti*, the ancient *†Rangamriticā* or *Rangamar*, celebrated for the finest spikenard, and *Srihāt* or *Siret*, the *Serrata* of *Eliau*, whence the fragrant essence extracted from the *Malobathrum*, called *Sa'dah* by the *Persians*, and *Te'japa'tra* by the *Indians*, was carried by the *Persian* gulf to *Syria*, and from that coast into *Greece* and *Italy*. It is not, however, positively certain, that the *Brahmaputra* rises as it is here described: two great geographers are decidedly of opposite opinions on this very point; nor is it impossible that the *Indian* river may be one arm of the *Sanpō* and the *Naucyan*, another; diverging from the mountains of *Asha'm*, after they have been enriched by many rivers from the rocks of *China*.

The *fourth* and *fifth* stanzas represent the Goddess obstructed in her passage to the west by the hills of *Emodi*, so called from a *Sanscrit* word signifying *snow*, from which also are derived both *Imaus* and *Hima'laya* or *Himola*. The *sixth* describes her, after her entrance into *Hindūstan* through the straits of *Cūpala*, flowing near *Sambal*, the *Sambalaca* of

*Ptolemy*, famed for a beautiful plant of the like name, and thence to the once opulent city and royal place of residence, *Ca'nyacurja*, erroneously named *Calinipaxa* by the *Greeks*, and *Canauj*, not very accurately, by the modern *Asiatics*: here she is joined by the *Calinadi*, and pursues her course to *Praya'ga*, whence the people of *Baha'r* were named *Prasi*, and where the *Yamund*, having received the *Sereswati* below *Indarprest'ha* or *Dehli*, and watered the poetical ground of *Mat'hura'* and *Agarà*, mingles her noble stream with the *Gangà* close to the modern fort of *Ilaha'bad*. This place is considered as the confluence of *three* sacred rivers, and known by the name of *Trivèni*, or the *three plaited locks*; from which a number of pilgrims, who there begin the ceremonies to be completed at *Gayà*, are continually bringing vases of water, which they preserve with superstitious veneration, and are greeted by all the *Hindus*, who meet them on their return.

Six of the principal rivers, which bring their tribute to the *Ganges*, are next enumerated, and are succinctly described from real properties: thus the *Gandac*, which the *Greeks* knew by a similar name, abounds, according to *Giorgi*, with *crocodiles* of enormous magnitude; and the *Mahanadi* runs by the plain of *Gaura*, once a populous district with a magnificent capital, from which the *Bengalese* were probably called *Gangarida*, but now the seat of desolation, and the haunt of wild beasts. From *Praya'ga* she hastens to *Cu'si*, or as the *Muslimans* name it, *Bena'res*; and here occasion is taken to condemn the cruel and intolerant spirit of the crafty tyrant *AURANGZÏB*, whom the *Hindus* of *Cashmir* call *Auranga'sir*, or the *Demon*, not the *Ornament*, of the *Throne*. She next bathes the skirts of *Pa'taliputra*, changed into *Patna*, which, both in situation and name, agrees better on the whole with the ancient *Palibothra*, than either *Praya'ga*, or *Ca'nyacurja*: if *Megasthenes* and the ambassadors of *Seleucus* visited the last-named city, and called it *Palibothra*, they were palpably mistaken. After this are introduced the beautiful hill of *Muctigiri*, or *Mengir*, and the wonderful pool of *Sita'*, which takes its name from the wife of

*Ra'ma*, whose conquest of *Sinhaldwip*, or *Silàn*, and victory over the giant *Ra'wan*, are celebrated by the immortal *Va'lmici*, and by other epic poets of *India*.

The pleasant hills of *Cu'ligra'm* and *Ganga'-presa'd* are then introduced, and give occasion to deplore and extol the late excellent AUGUSTUS CLEVELAND, Esq. who nearly completed by lenity the glorious work, which severity could not have accomplished, of civilizing a ferocious race of *Indians*, whose mountains were formerly, perhaps, a rocky island, or washed at least by that sea, from which the fertile champaign of *Bengal* has been gained in a course of ages. The western arm of the *Ganges* is called *Bha'girathi*, from a poetical fable of a demigod or holy man, named *Bha'girat'ha*, whose devotion had obtained from *Siva* the privilege of leading after him a great part of the heavenly water, and who drew it accordingly in two branches; which embrace the fine island, now denominated from *Ka'simba'zâr*, and famed for the defeat of the monster *Sira'jud-daulah*, and, having met near the venerable *Hindu* seminary of *Nawadwip* or *Nediya'*, flow in a copious stream by the several *European* settlements, and reach the Bay at an island which assumes the name of *Sa'gar*, either from the *Sea* or from an ancient Raja of distinguished piety. The *Sundarabans* or *Beautiful Woods*, an appellation to which they are justly entitled, are incidentally mentioned, as lying between the *Bhagriat'hi* and the *Great River*, or *Eastern* arm, which, by its junction with the *Brahma'putra*, forms many considerable islands; one of which, as well as a town near the conflux, derives its name from *Lacshmi*, the Goddess of Abundance.

It will soon be perceived, that the *form* of the stanza, which is partly borrowed from GRAY, and to which he was probably partial, as he uses it *six* times in *nine*, is enlarged in the following Hymn by a line of *fourteen* syllables, expressing the long and solemn march of the great *Asiatic* rivers.

## THE HYMN.

---

HOW sweetly GANGA' smiles, and glides  
Luxuriant o'er her broad autumnal bed !  
Her waves perpetual verdure spread,  
Whilst health and plenty deck her golden sides :  
As when an eagle, child of light,  
On *Cambala's* unmeasur'd height,  
By *Pótala*, the pontiff's throne rever'd,  
O'er her eyry proudly rear'd  
Sits brooding, and her plumage vast expands,  
Thus GANGA' o'er her cherish'd lands,  
To *Brahmà's* grateful race endear'd,  
Throws wide her fost'ring arms, and on her banks divine  
Sees temples, groves, and glitt'ring tow'rs, that in her  
crystal shine. ]

Above the stretch of mortal ken,  
On bless'd *Caila'sa's* top, where ev'ry stem  
Glow'd with a vegetable gem,  
MAHE'SA stood, the dread and joy of men ;  
While *Pa'rvatì*, to gain a boon,  
Fix'd on his locks a beamy moon,  
And hid his frontal eye, in jocund play,  
With reluctant sweet delay :  
All nature straight was lock'd in dim eclipse  
Till *Brahmans* pure, with hallow'd lips  
And warbled pray'rs restor'd the day ;  
When GANGA' from his brow by heav'nly fingers press'd  
Sprang radiant, and descending grac'd the caverns of  
the west. ]

The sun's car blaz'd, and laugh'd the morn ;  
 What time near proud *Cantēsa's* eastern bow'rs,  
 (While *Dēvatā's* rain'd living flow'rs)  
 A river-god, so *Brahmā* will'd, was born,  
 And roll'd mature his vivid stream  
 Impetuous with celestial gleam :  
 The charms of GANGA', through all worlds proclaim'd,  
 Soon his youthful breast inflam'd,  
 But destiny the bridal hour delay'd ;  
 Then, distant from the west'ring maid,  
 He flow'd, now blissful *Sanpò* nam'd,  
 By *Paltè* crown'd with hills, bold *Rimbu's* tow'ring state,  
 And where sage *Trashilhumbo* hails her *Lama's* form reneate.

But she, whose mind, at *Siva's* nod,  
 The picture of that sov'reign youth had seen,  
 With graceful port and warlike mien,  
 In arms and vesture like his parent God,  
 Smit with the bright idea rush'd,  
 And from her sacred mansion gush'd,  
 Yet ah ! with erring step—The western hills  
 Pride, not pious ardour, fills :  
 In fierce confed'racy the giant bands  
 Advance with venom-darting hands,  
 Fed by their own malignant rills ;  
 Nor could her placid grace their savage fury quell :  
 The madding rifts and should'ring crags her foamy flood  
 repell ]

“ Confusion wild and anxious wo  
 Haunt your waste brow, she said, unholy rocks,  
 Far from these nectar-dropping locks !  
 But thou, lov'd Father, teach my waves to flow.”  
 Loud thunder her high birth confess'd ;  
 Then from th' inhospitable west  
 She turn'd, and, gliding o'er a lovelier plain,  
 Cheer'd the pearly East again :  
 Through groves of nard she roll'd, o'er spicy reeds,



Through golden vales and em'rald meads ;  
 Till, pleas'd with INDRA's fair domain,  
 She won through yielding marl her heav'n-directed way :  
 With lengthen'd notes her eddies curl'd, and pour'd  
a blaze of day. ]

Smoothly by *Sambal's* flaunting bow'rs,  
 Smoothly she flows, where *Calinadí* brings  
 To *Canyacurja*, seat of kings,  
 On prostrate waves her tributary flow'rs ;  
 Whilst *Yamund*, whose waters clear  
 Fam'd *Indraprestha's* vallies cheer,  
 With *Sereswatí* knit in mystic chain,  
 Gurgles o'er the vocal plain  
 Of *Mathurá*, by sweet *Brinda'van's* grove,  
 Where *Gópa's* love-lorn daughters rove,  
 And hurls her azure stream amain,  
 Till blest *Praya'ga's* point beholds three mingling tides,  
 Where pilgrims on the far-sought bank drink nectar,  
as it glides. ]

From *Himola's* perennial snow,  
 And southern *Palamau's* less daring steep,  
 Sonorous rivers, bright though deep,  
 O'er thirsty deserts youth and freshness throw.  
 'A goddess comes,' cried *Gumti* chaste,  
 And roll'd her flood with zealous haste :  
 Her follow'd *Sona* with pellucid wave  
 Dancing from her diamond cave,  
 Broad *Gogra*, rushing swift from northern hills,  
 Red *Gandac*, drawn by crocodiles,  
 (Herds, drink not there, nor, herdsmen, lave !)  
*Cosa*, whose bounteous hand *Népa'lian* odour flings,  
 And *Mahanadi* laughing wild at cities, thrones, and kings.

Thy temples, *Ca'sí'*, next she sought,  
 And verd'rous plains by tepid breezes fann'd,  
 Where health extends her pinions bland,  
 Thy groves, were pious *Va'lmic* sat and thought,

Where *Vyāsa* pour'd the strain sublime,  
 That laughs at all-consuming time,  
 And *Brāhmans* rapt the lofty *Vēda* sing.  
 Cease, oh ! cease—a ruffian king,  
 The demon of his empire, not the grace,  
 His ruthless bandits bids deface  
 The shrines, whence gifts ethereal spring :  
 So shall his frantic sons with discord rend his throne,  
 And his fair-smiling realms be sway'd by nations yet  
 unknown.]

Less hallow'd scenes her course prolong ;  
 But *Cāma*, restless pow'r, forbids delay :  
 To love all virtues homage pay,  
 E'en stern religion yields. How full, how strong  
 Her trembling panting surges run,  
 Where *Pa'tali's* immortal son  
 To domes and turrets gives his awful name  
 Fragrant in the gales of fame !  
 Nor stop, were RA'MA', bright from dire alarms,  
 Sinks in chaste *Si'ta's* constant arms,  
 While bards his wars and truth proclaim :  
 There from a fiery cave the bubbling crystal flows,  
 And *Muctigir*, delightful hill, with mirth and beauty glows.

Oh ! rising bow'rs, great *Ca'u's* boast,  
 And thou, from *Gangā* nam'd, enchanting mount,  
 What voice your wailings can recount  
 Borne by shrill echoes o'er each howling coast,  
 When He, who bade your forests bloom,  
 Shall seal his eyes in iron gloom ?  
 Exalted youth ! The godless mountaineer,  
 Roaming round his thickets drear,  
 Whom rigour fir'd, nor legions could appall,  
 I see before thy mildness fall,  
 Thy wisdom love, thy justice fear :  
 A race, whom rapine nurs'd, whom gory murder stains,  
 Thy fair example wins to peace, to gentle virtue trains.



On thy jasper bosom float ;  
Nor frown, dread Goddess, on a peerless race  
With lib'ral heart and martial grace,  
Wasted from colder isles remote :  
As they preserve our laws, and bid our terror cease,  
So be their darling laws preserv'd in wealth, in joy,  
in peace !]

THE  
FIRST NEMEAN ODE

OF

P I N D A R .

I. 1.

*CALM* breathing-place of *ALPHEUS* dread,  
*ORTYGIA*, *graceful* branch of *SYRACUSE* renown'd,  
*Young DIANA's* *rosy* bed,  
Sister of *DELOS*, thee, with sweet, *yet lofty*, sound  
Bursting numbers call, to raise  
Of tempest-footed steeds the trophies glorious  
(Thus *ETNEAN Jove* we praise) ;  
While *CHROMIUS'* car invites, and *NEMEA's* plain,  
For *noble* acts victorious  
To weave th' encomiastic strain.

I. 2.

From *prosp'ring* Gods the song begins ;  
Next hails that godlike man and virtue's holy meeds :  
He the flow'r of greatness wins,  
Whom smiling fortune crowns ; and vast heroic deeds  
Ev'ry muse delights to sing.  
Now wake to that *fair* isle the splendid story,  
Which the *great OLYMPIAN* king,  
*JOVE*, gave to *PROSERPINE*, and wav'd his locks  
Vowing, that, supreme in glory,  
Fam'd for sweet fruits and *nymph-lov'd* rocks,

I. 3.

*SICILIA's* full nutritious breast  
With tow'r'd and wealthy cities he would crown.

Her the son of SATURN bless'd  
 With suitors brazen-arm'd for war's renown  
 By lance and fiery steed ; yet oft thy leaves,  
 OLYMPIC olive, bind their hair  
 In wreathy gold. Great subjects I prepare ;  
 But none th' immortal verse deceives.

## II. 1.

*Oft* in the portals was I plac'd  
 Of that guest-loving man, and pour'd the dulcet strain,  
 Where becoming dainties grac'd  
 His hospitable board ; for ne'er with efforts vain  
 Strangers to his mansion came :  
 And thus the virtuous, when detraction rages,  
 Quench with lib'ral streams her flame.  
 Let each in virtue's path right onward press,  
 As each his art engages,  
 And, urg'd by genius, win success.

## II. 2.

Laborious action Strength applies,  
 And wary conduct, Sense : the future to foresee  
 Nature gives to few, the wise.  
 AGESIDAMUS' son, she frankly gave to thee  
 Pow'ful might and wisdom deep.  
 I seek not in dark cells the hoarded treasure  
*Grov'ling with low care* to keep,  
 But, as wealth flows, to spread it ; and to hear  
 Loud fame, with ample measure  
 Cheering my friends, since hope and fear

## II. 3.

Assail disastrous men. The praise  
 Of HERCULES with rapture I embrace :  
 On the heights, which virtues raise,  
 The rapid legend old his name shall place ;  
 For, when he *brook'd no more the cheerless gloom,*  
*And* burst into the blaze of day,

## THE FIRST NEMEAN ODE.

The child of Jove with his twin-brother lay,  
*Refulgent* from the sacred womb.

### III 1.

Not unobserv'd the godlike boy  
By JUNO golden-thron'd the saffron cradle press'd ;  
Straight heav'n's queen with furious joy  
Bade *hideous* dragons fleet th' *unguarded* floor infest :  
They, the portals op'ning wide,  
Roll'd through the chamber's broad recess *tremendous*,  
And in jaws *fire-darting* tried  
The slumb'ring babe to close. He, *starting light*,  
Rear'd his *bold* head *stupendous*,  
And first in battle prov'd his might.

### III. 2.

With both resistless hands he clasp'd  
Both *struggling horrid* pests, and cloth'd their necks with  
death ;]  
They expiring, as he grasp'd,  
Pour'd from their throats compress'd the foul envenom'd  
breath.]

Horror seiz'd the female train,  
Who near *ALCMENA's genial* couch attended :  
She, from agonizing pain  
Yet weak, *unsandal'd and* unmantled rush'd,  
And her love'd charge defended,  
Whilst he the *fiery* monsters crush'd.

### III. 3.

Swift the CADMEAN leaders ran  
In brazen mail precipitately bold :  
First AMPHITRYON, dauntless man,  
Bar'd his rais'd falchion from its sheathing gold,  
While griding anguish pierc'd his *flutt'ring* breast ;  
For private woes most keenly bite  
Self-loving man ; but soon the heart is light,  
With sorrow, not its own, oppress'd.





AN  
EXTRACT

FROM THE

*BHUSHANDA' RA'MA'YAN*

THE beautiful and lofty mountain, called NEIL, *or azure*, has a pointed summit of pure gold : the holy trees, *Peipel*, *Ber*, and *Pacr*, flourish on its brow ; and its top is crowned with a pool of water shining like diamonds of exquisite brilliancy : clear, fresh, and sweet streams, displaying a rich variety of colours, flow from all sides of it ; and thousands of birds warble rapturous lays among the sacred branches. Here the Crow BHU'SHANDA', who had been adorned with many virtues, and disgraced by many vices, who had lived in every part of the universe, and knew all events from the beginning of time, had fixed his abode. Under the *Peipel*, he meditated on the divinity : under the *Pacr* he poured forth invocations : under the shade of the *Ber* he chanted the story of VISHN ; to hear which the feathered inhabitants of woods and of waters assembled around him ; and even MAHADAYO, in the form of the *large white-plumed* MARA'L, perched on a bough, was delighted with listening to the adventures of the all-good and all-powerful RA'M.

To this mountain the sage Eagle GERHUR, essence of all amiable qualities who stands near *Vishn* himself, and is ridden by that stupendous God, hastily took his flight, and was relieved, on beholding it from the cares, which before oppressed him : he bathed his pinions in the pool, and refreshed his beak with a draught of the hallowed water. Just as *Bhushanda'* was opening his divine history, the king of air appeared in his

presence : the winged assembly paid him respectful homage, saluted him with solemn expressions of reverence, and then, addressing him with sweet words of affection, placed him on a seat becoming his high dignity.

“Monarch of birds, began the Crow, the sight of thee transports me with joy, signify to me thy commands ; and inform me what inducement has brought thee to the mansion of thy servant.”

“Brother, answered *Gerúr*, the purpose of my visit was in part answered by my first view of thy charming retreat ; and the doubts, which thou alone couldst have removed from this breast, are now almost wholly dispersed : but listen to my recital.

“When the son of *RA'WAN*, the giant, with a thousand arms, had bound *Ra'm* with a snake discharged from his bow, *NARED* commissioned me to disentangle the celestial warrior ; and the commisson was executed with faithful dispatch : but pride arose in my heart ; and considering that even mortals are exempt through devotion, from the shackles of terror, I concluded that, if *Ra'm* had in truth been a deity of boundless power, he could never have been made captive by the fold of a reptile. All night was I disturbed by these embarrassing reflexions ; and my arrogance, as the deliverer of a god, attained such a height, that my reason had nearly forsaken me : I retained, however, sense enough to seek a solution of my doubts ; and, hastening to my wise employer *Na'red*, laid open to him the secret of my bosom.

*Thou art fallen*, said the son of *BREHMA'*, with a compassionate aspect, *into the snares of passion, from which the most virtuous, when they fail to exert their understandings, cannot be secure ; that appearance, by which thou hast been caught, was only the MA'YA', or deception of Vishn, which has often deluded even me. To give thee perfect relief, exceeds my power : go to the palace of my father, and implicitly follow his directions.*

“With all imaginable swiftness I flew to the heaven of *Brehma'*, giving praises to my lord and rider *Vishn*, and explained to the benign God, the grounds of my perplexity.

The Creator stood awhile in silence, reflecting on the glories of Ra'm, and the force of his illusions ; then, leaving his meditation, *It is no wonder*, said he, *that thou hast been deceived by a power, from which I, as the very time of the creation, was not exempt. RA'M has tried thee by a delusive appearance ; and, when thou hadst untwisted the living chain, which entangled him, thou satst all night elated with pride, and contemplating thy own prowess.* Hasten, therefore, to the palace of MAHADAYO, than whom no deity better knows the supremacy of RA'M : he will dissipate thy sorrows.

His words were instantly followed by my flight towards Cai'la's, but I met the destroying power near the mansion of COBAYR, the wealthy genius of the north. Having listened benignantly to my narrative, he thus instructed me : 'Thou art under the influence of a strong passion, from which no discourse of mine can so soon relieve thee, as the conversation of religious persons, and serious attention to the history of Vishn, related by pious Munys in sweet accents. Without conversing with the religious, the noble deeds of the preserving power cannot be known ; without that knowledge, the passions cannot be conquered ; without that conquest, true devotion cannot be acquired ; and without that acquisition, whatever sacrifices may be performed, or ceremonies observed, God will never be seen by man. Fly, O Geràr, to the regions of the west, and piously attend, with birds of inferior wing, to the achievements of Ra'm ; as they will be related by the wise habitant of the azure mountain, the virtuous Bhūsanda' : the relation will subdue thy passion, and wholly dispel thy sorrows. Expect not a remedy from me ; since thou hast entertained proud thoughts concerning Ra m, by whom I have been highly favoured : besides, one bird will convey instruction more effectually to another bird in their common dialect.'

Not a moment was lost by me in seeking thy delightful abode ; and the sight of it almost entirely destroyed my pride with its bitter, but certain, fruit, affliction. Complete my recovery, beloved brother, by reciting the sacred story of Ra'm."

The devout *Bhūsanda'* complied immediately with his request; and having pronounced an eulogium on the incarnate God, began with an account of his *Avatar*, or *Descent*; and then related the adventures of his childhood, the actions of his youth, and the circumstances of his marriage with *SEI'TA'*. He next informed the attentive eagle, how the machinations of *B'HA'RT*, the half-brother of *Ra'm*, and of *CAYCAI'*, his step-mother, induced king *JESRET*, his father, to send him into the woods, while the whole nation in agony mourned his loss; how *LECH'HMEN*, his affectionate brother, insisted on accompanying him in exile; how they meditated on providence in a great forest, and afterwards passed the *Ganga* to preach lessons of devotion in populous towns: he proceeded to the death of the old *Ra'ja'*, the penitence of *B'ha'rt*, and his journey in pursuit of *Ra'm*, who, after long and earnest solicitation, returned to *Ayodhya*, where he lived with the splendour of a divinity: he told, how *Ra'm* again retired among the tickets, and there gave instructions to hermits and reverend *Munys*; how *Lech'hmen* was provoked to disfigure a giantess, and slay two giants, the sister and kinsmen of *Ra'wan*; how that imperious demon violently seized the incomparable *Sei'ta'*, and bore her captive to the place of his tyrannous empire, the isle of *LANCA'*; how *Ra'm*, afflicted to excess, passed the whole rainy season upon a mountain, having contracted a friendship with the race of *Apes*, and appointed their chief, *HENU'MAN*, son of the wind, to the command of his new-raised army; how they discovered the bower of *Asoca's\**, in which *Seita* was confined; how a vast bridge was erected by them over the sea, from which *Henu'man* leaped into the island, consoled the faithful *Seita*, and set fire to the gardens of *Ra'wan*; who, in a desperate engagement, was routed and slain by *Ra'm*; lastly, how the divine conqueror revisited his country, restored to joy its disconsolate inhabitants, conferred high honours on the learned *Bra'hmens*, treated his preceptor *BA'SISHT* with such reverence, that he drank the water in which he had washed the feet of

\* *Jonesia* of Doctor *Roxburgh*.

the *Muny*, and instructed the humble *B'hart* in celestial knowledge ; how the *Ra'ny*s and highborn damsels, having bathed the lovely *Sei'ta'*, decorated her with inestimable jewels, and offered her holy curds in golden basons, crowned with branches of *Tulsy* ; how the princes of the apes, and other warlike beasts, assumed the most beautiful human forms ; how men of all ranks, who flocked to the palace, forgetting their homes, as the pious forget their enemies, concurred in singing the praises of their king, while the gods rained flowers from heaven on the delighted assembly.

"The festivals and entertainments," added the crow, on his receiving the sacred mark of vermilion, and ascending the throne with *Se'it'*, "thou sawst, O monarch of the air, and wast enraptured with devout joy ; for *Brahma*, *Mahádayo*, *Náred*, and other deities, attended them ; nor wouldst thou be absent on so signal an occasion. During this reign, no terrors alarmed, or sorrows rent, the bosoms of his votaries ; all was love, piety, concord ; the name of vice was unknown or unheard ; none were then infirm, none ignorant, none distressed ; sweet and salutary liquors flowed from every tree ; perpetual blossoms laughed on the stalks, and perpetual fruit hung glittering from the branches ; a cool placid gale blew without ceasing ; the birds charmed each forest with æreal melody ; and animals, the most opposite in their kinds, lived together, like the venerable cow with her own calf, in perfect amity, and even tenderness. Such were the blessings derived by mankind from *Rám*, whose presence rendered the *silver* age equal in virtue and happiness to that of *gold*."

As soon as *Busunda* had concluded his narration : "O adorable *Ra'm*," exclaimed the eagle, "I revere thee for thy power, and love thee for thy goodness ! Hadst thou not been pleased to raise doubts in my mind, and, by thy divine *Ma'ya'*, to beguile me into the sin of pride, how should I have been directed to this noble mountain ? How should I have heard the recital of thy glorious actions ? How should the ardent love of thee have been kindled in my bosom ?"

“Me too,” said the crow, “has *Ra'm* exalted, by procuring me the honour of being thus consulted by the sovereign of birds. To thee his affection has been signally manifested ; and thou mayest now cease to wonder, that the most eminent among the deities, and the most virtuous *Rishys*, have fallen under the dominion of the passions. What being exists, but God, who was never seduced by the love of wealth ; whom nothing has provoked to wrath, or stimulated to vengeance ; whom the pleasures of youth have not allured, nor female beauty smitten with the shafts of large and languishing eyes ? who can boast of a constant exemption from groundless terrors and unavailing grief ? Whose fame has never been blemished by pride ? Whom has ambition never captivated with false views of greatness ? All these temptations and blandishments are the daughters of *Ma'ya'*, with whose fascinations, diffused over the world, *Vishn* deludes all creatures for their ultimate advantage. He is the being of beings, one substance in three forms ; without mode, without quality, without passion ; immense, incomprehensible, infinite, indivisible, immutable, incorporeal, irresistible : His operations no mind can conceive ; and his will moves all the inhabitants of the universe, as puppets are moved by strings. The pious, whom he loves, as a mother loves her only infant, rejoice in his government, and exult in his glory ; while the irreligious, who are proud, ignorant, captious, and madly impute to *Ra'm* the consequences of their own stupidity, vainly afflict themselves, and view all objects in false colours ; as they, whose eyes are inflamed, suppose the moon also to be red : their folly would make them believe, that the sun rises in the west, and their fears agitate them, like small barques tossed by the waves. Were the firmament illumined by sixteen moons, yet, if no sun rose, the stars would not disappear : thus, without religion and humility, vice and error cannot be dispersed. As an illustration of these truths, hear, O *Gerúr*, the story of my life ; and mark the sad effects of my sin.

“When *Ra'm* was born in *Audh*, I repaired eagerly to his

birthplace, attended him five years with assiduity, contemplating his beautiful features, and receiving happiness from the sparkles of his eye. He used to laugh when I approached him, and when I departed, to weep : sometimes he tried to seize me by the feet, and shed tears if I flew out of his reach. *Can this, I thought, can this be the ruler of the universe?* Thus was I entangled by his illusion, and my mind was perplexed with doubts ; I became sad and pensive ; but the divine infant laughed at my distress, One day, he ran suddenly to catch me ; but seeing his body black and his feet ruddy, I took my flight aloft with inexpressible agitation : he stretched out his arm, and how high soever I flew, the same arm pursued me at an equal distance. As soon as I reached the heaven of *Brahma*, I looked back, and still saw behind me the arm of *Vishn* ; amazed and stupefied, I closed my eyes in a trance and found myself, when I opened them, near the city of *Ayodhya*.

“ On my return to the palace *Jesret*, I renewed my homage to *Ra'm* ; but he made a sport of my confusion, which was so great, that, as he laughed, I flew into his mouth : there I saw myriads of heavens infinitely splendid ; myriads of *Brahma*'s and *Mohadayo*'s, myriads of suns, moons, and stars, gods and goddesses, *Ra'ja*'s and *Ra'ny*'s, and gazed beneath me on this vast earth, girt with multitudinous seas, veined with rivers, clothed with forests, and peopled with numberless animals. An hundred complete years I dwelled in each heaven ; and traversing them all, was dazzled with their endless and unutterable glories ; but, whithersoever I shaped my course, I beheld one only, *RA'M*, the same lovely infant, whose idea was impressed indelibly on my mind.

Having spent a wonderful period of revolving ages in this ethereal jaunt, I returned to my own habitation ; where I heard, that *Ra'm* was become incarnate, and, hastening to the place of his birth, I enjoyed the rapture of beholding him : yet was my heart still agitated by a storm of passions, and a thousand cares arose in my breast. *Ra'm*, knowing what anxiety his deceptions had produced, again laughed, and I flew out of his

mouth into open air. On finding that I had rambled over so many worlds, and seen so many wonders in so few minutes, and on considering the power of the divine spirit, I fell breathless to the ground : at length : ‘ Have pity, said I, have pity on me ; and cease, O thou, who rewardest the devout ! cease to delude and grieve thy humiliated votary.’ The deity then perceiving my unfeigned anguish, suspended the influence of his *Maia*, placed his hands with gentleness on my head, relieved at once my solicitude ; and, having mildly heard a fervent effusion, which I pronounced with weeping eyes, commanded me to ask for whatever I most desired : I asked for true piety towards him ; and he gave it with gracious praise, added to heavenly benedictions. Adore, therefore, and invoke perpetually that invisible being, who, having no shape, is described in the *Vayds* by a similitude, and compared to a bottomless ocean of innumerable virtues.”

“ How salutary,” said *Gerúr*, “ are the lessons of a spiritual instructor ! If a hundred *Brahmas* and a hundred *Mahadayos* had assisted me, I should not have been so effectually relieved.”

After a long conversation between *Busund* and his penitent visitor, in which they reciprocally told their most interesting adventures, the crow discoursed more at large on the grandeur of *Ra’m*, and the blessings of the age, in which he appeared on earth. “ Very different,” continued he, “ will be the *Cal Yug*, or age of *impurity* ! Then shall priests, kings, and subjects, be wholly abandoned to vice ; neglecting holy rites, and the due observance of ranks ; not considering genuine piety, as the true, and invaluable gem, which all ought to seek : such as babble fastest will be dignified with the title of *Pendits* ; and such as relate most untruths, with the epithet of virtuous ; they who wear necklaces of beads, and the dress of *Gosains*, will be revered as observers of inspired scripture ; and they who suffer their nails to grow unpaired, and their hair uncut, or stand longest on one leg, holding the other in their hand, as devout *Senniya’sys* the low cast of *Shudrs* will have *Bráhmens* for their disciples, and presume to wear the same cord ; while



the *Bráhmens* will be distinguished only by that mark, which they will be sure to display uncovered : they will be illiterate, covetous, luxurious, inobservant of rites, and resembling bulls without their tails ; dissipating the property, not the ignorance, or uneasiness, of their pupils ; and even parents will instruct their children in gluttony, not in religion. Then will *Ra'já's* be merciless, and profligate, putting *Bráhmens* to death, and continually racking or amercing their subjects, numbers of whom will die through want, since famine will from time to time desolate whole provinces ; the clouds will shed no rain ; and the ground will yield no return for the grains it has received : yet, even in this debased age, the miserable race of men may be saved by affectionate devotion towards *Ra'm*, not appearing in external acts, but glowing in the recesses of the heart."

"The disorders of that age," said the eagle, "will, indeed, be as terrible, as the remedy is delightful, and certain."

"Happy," said *Bhushunda*, "will be they, who faithfully apply it ; but the domination of pride is more or less absolute in every human breast : this abominable sin caused the many changes of my form, and my condemnation to a lonely residence among these rocks.

In a temple of *Maha'dayo* I stood invoking his name, when the guide of my youth, my instructor in religious duties, entered it with true humility ; yet such was my arrogance, from a vain conceit of my own piety and knowledge, that I made him no salutation, and showed him no respect. He opened not his lips, nor was he moved to anger by my presumption ; but the God, whom we adored, bore it not so mildly, and in a tremendous voice from above, thundered against me a sentence of perpetual misery. This dreadful judgment threw my indulgent preceptor into an agony of grief ; his limbs trembled, his tongue faltered ; and casting himself on the earth, with clasped hands, he supplicated for a mitigation of my doom. Such benignity, and zeal, could not but appease the wrathful divinity, who spoke thus from the summit of *Ca'ila's* : 'Justice requires

the chastisement of this proud mortal, but thy piety has procured a remission of its greatest pains. He shall suffer a thousand transmigrations, and in all of them shall exist without pleasure, but not without wisdom ; he shall be a constant adorer of *Vishn*, and again shall assiduously invoke my name. This blessing, too, shall attend him : he shall be loved by all.' On leaving my human shape by death, I was re-born in that of a serpent ; and in all my metamorphoses, continued to worship *Maha'dayo*, by whose grace I left each body, as a man puts off his old vesture.

"After many changes I became a *Bra'hmen*, but the seeds of pride still germinating in my heart, I disliked the instructions of my father, and retiring to the woods and mountains, meditated incessantly on the attributes of God ; there I heard the discourses of a venerable *Ricshy*, with whom I had the boldness to contend in argument, and to maintain the preference of devotion towards the *visible* or *incarnate*, over that towards the *invisible* deity. The sage, irritated by my obstinate presumption, lost for a while the command of his temper, and uttered an imprecation, in consequence of which I thus exist as a bird of the lowest race ; but *Maha'dayo*, having calmed his disturbed intellect, he repented of his anger, and when I assumed my present figure, consoled me with tender expressions, gave me the *Mentr*, or *Incantation* of *Ra'm*, advised me to attend the God in his infancy, and afterwards to seek this retirement, in which I have spent myriads of years : he concluded with a benison, confirmed by a voice from heaven, saying : 'Granted be the wishes of the pious !'

Here has my opinion been more and more deeply fixed, that the ignorant who neglect the cow *CA'MD'HEN*, source of all true felicity, and aspire only to sensual gratifications, resemble those who go searching for the herb *acun*, but only desire its milk ; that men without religion, are like those who try to pass the ocean without a ship ; and that, although the human soul be an immortal emanation from the divinity, they who are swayed by their passions, become like parrots in a cage, or

apes confined by a chain. Not so the religious, who study the *Vayds*, and perform good actions ; they resemble cows depasturing green plains, whose udders are distended with milk, with which the herdsman fills his bowl ; then, having boiled it, he lets it cool in the fresh air, turns it into curd, and beats it into delicious butter. Piety is the fire, which increases the goodness of the milk, burning away the stains of vice ; and repentance constitutes the butter, which being converted into oil, supplies the lamp of the understanding, by which divine books are perused, and luminous truths discovered. Then the propitious gods delight to co-operate with mortals ; in each of whose corporeal tenses are many lattices where the deities continually keep watch ; and, if the soul unwarily leaves them open to the hot envenomed wind of temptation, a sincere invocation of those heavenly guardians will preserve the precious light from total extinction.

The transported eagle attentively heard the sublime doctrines of *Busunda'*, and requested him to complete the lesson, by defining the most excellent of natural *forms*, the highest *good*, the chief *pain* and *pleasure*, the greatest *wickedness*, and the severest punishment.

' I will describe them,' answered the crow, ' with precision. In the three worlds, empyreal, terrestrial, and infernal, no *form* excels the *human* ; supreme *felicity* on earth, consists in genuine *piety*, and *contempt of worldly advantages* ; the highest enjoyment is the conversation of the devout, and virtuous ; the keenest *pain* is inflicted by *extreme poverty* ; the worst of sins is *uncharitableness*, and the uncharitable, who never fail to blaspheme the deities, and condemn the *Vayds*, shall be punished in the *profoundest hell* ; while the despisers of their spiritual guides, shall eternally live as *frogs* ; of the *Brahmens* as *crows* ; of the pious, as *night-ravens* ; of other men, as *bats* : such miseries are the fruit of ungoverned passion !'

' How should he,' continued *Busunda'*, ' who loves all men, and whom all men love, be torn by affliction ; or he be neces-

sitous, who possesses the stone *paras*? How can they who hate their neighbours, be free from terror; or how can the voluptuous be ultimately free from pain? How can that country prosper, in which *Brahmens* are injuriously treated? or how shall that kingdom stand, in which justice is not administered? How can he fail of success, who acts with circumspection? How shall they be tormented with gloomy apprehensions, who despise not the virtuous? How shall he be rescued from perdition, who seduces the wife of another? or he live happily, who murmurs at Providence? Who can be glorified without merit? and who can be dishonoured without blame? How, lastly, can sin dwell in him, who listen to the story, and pours forth the praises of RA'M? No happiness can equal the pure devotion of his adorers."



[ THE following fragments were submitted to the perusal of a friend \*, and are now published at his recommendation, communicated to the Editor in the following terms :

“The fragments submitted to my perusal, consist of translations of passages in the Védas, and appear to be materials selected by Sir William Jones, for the elucidation of a Dissertation ‘*On the Primitive Religion of the Hindus.*’ This Dissertation was professedly intended, ‘*to remove the veil from the supposed mysteries of the primeval Indian Religion*’; and it is much to be regretted, that it was never completed, and that the fragments, which are extremely curious and interesting, cannot be published with that elucidation which they would have received from the pen of the translator. I re commend, however, the publication of them, as well as of the following extract.” ]

## EXTRACT FROM A DISSERTATION ON THE PRIMITIVE RELIGION OF THE HINDUS.

\* \* \* \* \* but that I may not seem to appropriate the merit of discoveries which others have previously made, I think it necessary to say, that the original *Gayatri*, or holiest verse in the Veda, has already been published, though very incorrectly, by *Fra Manuel da Assomcaon*, a successful missionary from *Portugal*, who may have received it, as his countrymen assert, from a converted *Bráhma*n ; that the same venerable text was seen in the hand of Mr. WILKINS, who no doubt well understood it, by two pandits of my acquaintance, and that a paraphrase of it in Persian may be found in the curious work of DARASHUCUH, which deserves to be mentioned very particularly. That amiable, but impolitic prince, who sacrificed his throne, and his life, to a premature declaration of his religious opinions, had employed six months, as he tells us at *Banaras*, in translating, and explaining, fifty-one *Upanishads*, or secrets of the old Indian scripture ; but he translated only the verbal interpretation of his pandits, and blended the text of the *Veda*, with different glosses, and even with the conver-

\*Lord Teigumouth.

sation, I believe, of his living Hindu expositors, who are naturally so loquacious, that when they have began taking, they hardly know how to close their lips.

Of this book I procured, with the assistance of Colonel *Polier*, a complete copy, corrected by a learned *Rāja*, named *Anandaram*, with whom the Colonel was very intimate : but though sublime, and majestic, features of the original were discernible, in parts, through folds of the *Persian* drapery ; yet the Sanscrit names were so barbarously written, and the additions of the translator has made the work so deformed, that I resolved to postpone a regular perusal of it till I could compare it with the Sanscrit original

### THE GAYATRI OR HOLIEST VERSE OF THE VEDAS.

LET us adore the supremacy of *that* divine sun † the godhead ‡ who illuminates all, who recreates all, \*from whom all proceed, to whom all must \*return, whom we invoke to direct our understandings aright in our progress towards his holy seat.

WHAT the sun and light are to this visible world, that, are the *supreme good*, and *truth*, to the intellectual and invisible universe ; and, as our corporeal eyes have a distinct perception of objects enlightened by the sun, thus our souls acquire certain knowledge, by meditating on the light of truth, which emanates from the Being of beings : *that* is the light by which alone our minds can be directed in the path to beatitude.

† Opposed to the visible luminary.

‡ *Bhargus*, a word consisting of three consonants, derived from *bhà* to shine ; *ram*, to delight ; *gam*, to move.

apànipàdó javanó grīhītā,  
 pàsyatyachacshah sa s' rīnó tyacarnah :  
 sa vètti vedyam na che tasya vèttā \*  
 tamàhuragryam perusham mahàritam.

Without hand or foot he runs rapidly, and grasps firmly ; without eyes he sees, without ears he hears *all* ; he knows whatever can be known, but there is none who knows him : Him the wise call the great, supreme, pervading spirit.

Of this text, and a few others, RA'DHA' CANT has given a paraphrase:

“Perfect truth ; perfect happiness ; without equal ; immortal ; absolute unity ; whom neither speech can describe, nor mind comprehend ; all-pervading ; all-transcending ; delighted with his own boundless intelligence, not limited by space, or time ; without feet, moving swiftly ; without hands, grasping all worlds ; without eyes, all-surveying ; without ears, all-hearing ; without an intelligent guide, understanding all ; without cause, the first of all causes ; all-ruling ; all-powerful ; the creator, preserver, transformer, of all things ; such is the Great One : this the Vèdas declare.”

1. WHAT relish can there be for enjoyments in this unsound body, filled with bad odours, composed of bones, skin, tendons, membranes, muscles, blood, saliva, tears, ordure, and urine, bile and mucus ?

2. What relish can there be for enjoyment in this body ; assailed by desire and wrath, by avarice and illusion, fear and sorrow, envy and hate, by absence from those whom we love, and by union with those whom we dislike, by hunger and thirst, by disease and emaciation, by growth and decline, by old age and death ?

3. Surely we see this universe tending to decay, even as these biting gnats and other insects ; even as the grass of the field, and the trees of the forest, which spring up and then perish.

\* Instead of *Vèttā* some copies of the text have *chèttā* for *chétayitā*, or *director of the mind*, Τὸ ἡγεμονιχέν.



4. But what are they? Others, far greater, have been archers mighty in battle, and some have been kings of the whole earth.

5. SUDHUMNA, BHURIDHUMNA, INDRADHUMNA, CUVALAYA'SWA, YANVANA'SWA, AVADHYASWA, ASWAPATI, SASABINDU, HAVISEHANDRA, BARISHSHA, NAHUSHA, SURYATI, YAYATI, VICRAVA, ACSHAYASENA, PRIYAVRATA, and the rest.

6. MARUTTA likewise, and BHARATA, who enjoyed all corporeal delights, yet left their boundless prosperity, and passed from this world to the next.

7. But what are they? Others yet greater, *Gandawas*, *Asuras*, *Racshasas*, companies of spirits, *Pisachas*, *Uragas*, and *Gruhnas*, have we seen been destroyed.

8. But what are they? Others, greater still, have been changed; vast rivers dried; mountains torn up; the pole itself moved from its place; the cords of the stars rent asunder; the whole earth itself deluged with water; even the *sufes* or angels hurled from their stations.

9. In such a world, then, what relish can there be for enjoyment? Thou alone art able to raise up.

I am in this world like a frog in a dry well: Thou only, O Lord, art my refuge: thou only art my refuge.

1. MAY that soul of mine which mounts aloft in my waking hours, as an ethereal spark, and which, even in my slumber, has a like ascent, soaring to a great distance, as an emanation from the light of lights, be united by devout meditation with the Spirit supremely blest, and supremely intelligent!

2. May that soul of mine, by an agent, *similar to* which the low-born perform their menial works, and the wise, deeply versed in sciences, duly solemnize their sacrificial rite; *that* soul, which was itself the primeval oblation placed within all creatures, be united by devout meditation with the Spirit supremely blest, and supremely intelligent!

3. May that soul of mine, which is *a ray* of perfect wisdom, pure intellect and permanent existence, which is the unextinguishable light fixed within created bodies, without which no good act is performed, be united by devout meditation with the Spirit supremely blest, and supremely intelligent !

4. May that soul of mine, in which, as an immortal essence, may be comprised whatever has past, is present, or will be hereafter ; by which the sacrifice, where seven ministers officiate, is properly solemnized ; be united by devout meditation with the Spirit supremely blest, and supremely intelligent !

5. May that soul of mine, into which are inserted, like the spokes of a wheel in the axle of a car, the holy texts of the *Rigveda*, the *Sâman*, and the *Yajush* ; into which is interwoven all that belongs to created forms, be united by devout meditation with the Spirit supremely blest, and supremely intelligent !

6. May that soul of mine, which, *distributed in other bodies*, guides mankind, as a skilful charioteer guides his rapid horses with reins ; that soul which is fixed in my breast, exempt from old age, and extremely swift in its course, be united, by divine meditation, with the Spirit supremely blest, and supremely intelligent !

*Veda*, and 1st Article of our Church.

“There is one living and true God, everlasting, without body, parts, or passion, of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness ; the maker and preserver of all things, both visible. &c. &c.”

## I'S A'V A'S Y A M;

OR,

## AN UPANISHAD FROM THE YAJUR VEDA.

1. BY one Supreme Ruler is this universe pervaded ; even every world in the whole circle of nature. Enjoy pure delight, O man ! by abandoning *all thoughts* of this perishable world ; and covet not the wealth of any creature existing.

2. He who, in this life, continually performs his religious duties, may desire to live a hundred years ; but even to the end of that period thou shouldst have no other occupation here below.

3. To those regions, where evil spirits dwell, and which utter darkness involves, will such men surely go after death as destroy *the purity* of their own souls.

4. There is one supreme Spirit, which nothing can shake, more swift than the thought of man. That primeval Mover, even divine intelligences cannot reach : that Spirit, though unmoved, infinitely transcends others, how rapid soever their course.

5. That supreme Spirit moves at pleasure, but in itself is immoveable ; it is distant from us, yet very near us ; it pervades this whole system of worlds, yet is infinitely beyond it.

6. The man who considers all beings as existing even in the supreme spirit, and the supreme spirit as pervading all beings, henceforth views no creature with contempt.

7. In him who knows that all spiritual beings are the same *in kind* with the supreme spirit, what *room can there be* for delusion of mind, or what room for sorrow when he reflects on the identity of spirit ?

8. The pure enlightened soul assumes a luminous form with no gross body, with no perforation, with no veins, or tendons,

unblemished, untainted by sin, *itself being a ray from the infinite, spirit*, which knows the past and the future, which pervades all, which existed with no cause but itself, which created all things as they are in ages very remote.

9. They who are ignorantly devoted to the mere ceremonies of religion are fallen into thick darkness, but they surely have a thicker gloom around them who are solely attached to speculative science.

10. A distinct reward, they say, is reserved for ceremonies, and a distinct reward, they say, for divine knowledge ; adding, " This we have heard from sages who declared it to us."

11. He alone is acquainted with the nature of ceremonies, and with that of speculative science, who is acquainted with both at once : by religious ceremonies he passes the gulph of death, and by divine knowledge he attains immortality.

12. They who adore only the appearances and forms of the deity are fallen into thick darkness, but they surely have a thicker gloom around them who are solely devoted to the abstract essence of the divine essence.

13. A distinct reward, they say, is obtained by adoring the forms and attributes, and a distinct reward, they say, by adoring the abstract essence ; adding : " This we have heard from sages who declare it to us."

14. He only knows the forms and the essence of the deity who adores both at once ; by adoring the appearances of the deity, he passes the gulph of death, and by adoring his abstract essence he attains immortality.

15. Unveil, O Thou who givest sustenance to the world, that face of the true sun, which is now hidden by a vase of golden light ! so that we may see the truth, and know our whole duty !

16. O Thou who givest sustenance to the world, thou sole mover of all, thou who restrainest sinners, who pervadest yon great luminary, who appearest as the Son of the Creator ; hide thy dazzling beams, and expand thy spiritual brightness, that I may view thy most auspicious, most glorious, real form.

“OM, Remember me, divine spirit !”

“OM, Remember my deeds.”

17. That all-pervading spirit, that spirit which gives light to the visible sun, even the same *in kind* am I, *though infinitely distant in degree*. Let my soul return to the immortal spirit of God, and then let my body, which ends in ashes, return to dust !

18. O spirit, who pervadest fire, lead us in a straight path to the riches of beatitude ! Thou, O God, possessest all the treasures of knowledge : remove each foul taint from our souls ; we continually approach thee with the highest praise, and the most fervid adoration.

### FROM THE YAJURVEDA.

1. AS a tree, the lord of the forest, even so, without fiction, is man : his hairs are as leaves ; his skin, as exterior bark.

2. Through the skin flows blood ; through the rind, sap : from a wounded man, therefore, blood gushes, as the vegetable fluid from a tree *that is cut*.

3. His muscles are as interwoven fibres ; the membrane round his bones as interior bark, which is closely fixed : his bones are as the hard pieces of wood within : their marrow is composed of pith.

4. Since the tree, when felled, springs again, still fresher, from the root, from what root springs mortal man when felled by the hand of death ?

5. Say not, he springs from seed : seed surely comes from the living. A tree, no doubt, rises from seed, and after death has a visible renewal.

6. But a tree which they have plucked up by the root, flourishes individually no more. From what root then springs mortal man when felled by the hand of death ?

7. Say not he was born before ; he is born : who can make him spring again to birth ?

8. God, who is perfect wisdom, perfect happiness, He is the final refuge of the man, who has liberally bestowed his wealth, who has been firm in virtue, who knows and adores that Great One.

### *A HYMN TO THE NIGHT.*

NIGHT approaches illumined with stars and planets, and looking on all sides with numberless eyes, overpowers all meaner lights. The immortal goddess pervades the firmament covering the low valleys and shrubs and the lofty mountains and trees, but soon she disturbs the gloom with celestial effulgence. Advancing with brightness, at length she recalls her sister Morning ; and the nightly shade gradually melts away.

May she, at this time, be propitious ! She, in whose early watch, we may calmly recline in our mansion, as birds repose on the tree.

Mankind now sleep in their town ; now herds and flock<sup>s</sup> peacefully slumber, and winged creatures, even swift falcons and vultures.

O Night, avert from us the she-wolf and the wolf ; and oh ! suffer us to pass thee in soothing rest !

O Morn, remove, in due time, this black, yet visible, overwhelming darkness which at present infolds me, as thou enablest me to remove the cloud of their debts.

Daughter of heaven, I approach thee with praise, as the cow approaches her milker ; accept, O Night, not the hymn only, but the oblation of thy suppliant, who prays that his foes may be subdued.

*The following Fragment is a Translation from a Sanscrit Work,  
entitled,*

**THE IGNORANT INSTRUCTED.**

1. RESTRAIN, O ignorant man, thy desire of wealth, and become a hater of it in body, understanding, and mind : let the riches thou possessest be acquired by thy own good actions, with those gratify thy soul.

2. The boy so long delights in his play, the youth so long pursues his beloved, the old so long brood over melancholy thoughts, that no man meditates on the supreme being.

3. Who is thy wife, and who thy son ? How great and wonderful is this world : whose thou art, and whence thou comest ? Meditate on this, my brother, and again on this.

4. Be not proud of wealth and attendants, and youth ; since time destroys all of them in the twinkling of an eye : check thy attachment to all these illusions, like *Maya* ; fix thy heart on the foot of *Brahmā*, and thou wilt soon know him.

5. As a drop of water moves on the leaf of the lotus ; thus, or more slippery, is human life : the company of the virtuous endures here but for a moment ; that is the vehicle to bear thee over land and ocean.

6. To dwell in the mansion of Gods at the foot of a tree ; to have the ground for a bed, and a hide for vesture ; to renounce all ties of family or connections ; who would not receive delight from this devout abhorrence of the world.

7. Set not thy affections on foe, or friend ; on a son, or a relation ; in war, or in peace ; bear an equal mind towards all ; if thou desirest it, thou wilt soon be like *Vishnu*.

8. Day and night, evening and morn, winter and spring, depart and return ! Time sports, age passes on, desire and the wind continue unrestrained.

9. When the body is tottering, the head grey, and the mouth toothless ; when the smooth stick trembles in the hand, which it supports, yet the vessel of covetousness remains unemptied.

10. So soon born, so soon dead ! so long lying in thy mother's womb ! so great crimes are committed in the world ! How then, O man, canst thou live here below with complacency ?

11. There are eight original mountains, and seven seas—*Brahma, Indra, the Sun, and Kudra*.—These are permanent, not thou, not I, not this, or that people : what, therefore, should occasion our sorrow ?

12. In thee, in me, in every other, *Vishnu* resides : in vain art thou angry with me, not bearing my approach : this is perfectly true, all must be esteemed equal : be not, therefore, proud of a magnificent palace.

This is the instruction of learners, delivered in twelve measures : what more can be done with those, whom this work doth fill with devotion ?

Thus ends the book, named *Môhādmudgara*, or the Ignorant Instructed, (properly the Mallet of the Ignorant), composed by the holy, devout, and prosperous *Sancar Acharya*.



# THE SEASONS;

(A DESCRIPTIVE POEM FROM THE ORIGINAL SAN SCRIT.)

BY CA'LIDA'S.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

[ THIS book is the first ever printed in *Sanscrit* ; and it is by the press alone, that the ancient literature of *India* can long be preserved : a learner of that most interesting language who had carefully perused one of the popular grammars, could hardly begin his course of study with an easier or more elegant work, than the *Ritusanhára*, or *Assemblage of Seasons*. Every line composed by CA'LIDA'S is exquisitely polished ; and every couplet in the poem exhibits an *Indian* landscape, always beautiful, sometimes highly coloured, but never beyond nature : four copies of it have been diligently collated ; and where they differed, the clearest and most natural reading has constantly had the preference.]

W. J.

## THE

# PREFACE.

AMONG eleven or twelve *Persian* Poems on the story of LAILI' and MAJNU'N, that of HA'TIFI' seems universally esteemed the simplest and most pathetic. The tale itself is extremely simple; and the more affecting, because it is true; for KAIS, who became *frantic* from disappointed love, and thence had the surname of *Majnūn*, was a most accomplished and amiable youth, the only son of an *Arabian* chieftain in the first age of the *Mohammedan* empire: fragments of his beautiful poetry are still repeated with rapture by the *Arabs* of *Hejaz*; and the best works of the *Persians* abound in allusions to his unfortunate passion. LAILI', or LAILA, as her name is pronounced in *Arabia*, was the daughter of a neighbouring chief, and was also eminently accomplished; yet she had no transcendent beauty, it seems, in any eyes but those of her lover: SADI', who represents her with a swarthy complexion and of low stature, tells a long, but at agreeable, story on the same subject, which the *Maulavi* of *Rām* has comprized in two couplets—"The *Khalifah* said to LAILI', *art thou the damsel, for whom the lost MAJNU'N is become a wanderer in the desert? Thou surpassest not other girls in beauty.* She said: *Be silent; for thou art not Majnu'n.*"

For the short account of our Poet exhibited in the *Persian* preface, we are obliged to the kindness of ALI' IBRA'HIM KHA'N, one of the best bred, most learned, and most virtuous *Muselmāns* in the *British* territories. ABDULLAH, surnamed HA'TIFI', who died in the year 1520 of our era, was a nephew, we find, of NU'RUDDI'N, usually called *Jū'mi'* from the village of *Jām* in

*Khora'san*, with whom he lived on more amicable terms, than could naturally have been expected between rival poets ; and, if he was inferior to his uncle in learning or in art, he certainly surpassed him in genius. His principal ambition was to enter the lists with NIZA'MI, by composing five poems on the same or similar subjects with the *Khamsah* of that illustrious author ; and how far he succeeded in his competition, every reader must decide for himself : my own opinion is, that he has not even approached the splendour and sublimity of his master's diction, but that he has excelled him in tenderness and simplicity ; and, most probably, NIZA'MI valued himself solely on his rich and elevated composition, whilst HA'TIFI aimed only at sweetness and pathos, each attaining the summit of excellence in the style which he professed. The fate of the two poets has been very different ; for, while the five poems of NIZA'MI have a place in most *Asiatic* libraries and in general are beautifully copied, those of HA'TIFI are extremely scarce and negligently transcribed : his *Haft Paicar*, or the *Seven Images*, is barely named by D'HERBELOT, who mentions also his *Zafar Na'nah*, an Heroic Poem on the actions of TAIMUR, which was designed to emulate that of NIZA'MI on the victories of ALEXANDER ; but I have never been able to procure any of his works except his *Laili Majnu'n*, the scarcity of which was my chief inducement for publishing it. The reader must not expect a complete edition of the poem, which I have neither materials nor leisure to exhibit, but merely an impression of my manuscript, which unhappily is far from being correct. A *Muselman* of high rank, who first named the work to me, promised to send me in *Bengal* a well-collated copy of it ; but he forgot his promise ; and the imperfection of this edition must partly be ascribed to his forgetfulness ; partly to my own haste, inadvertence, or ignorance. Since the book has been printed, I have read it four or five times with great attention ; and, having procured two other manuscripts, when the last sheet was in the press, I perused them also with as much attention as they deserved, but with very trifling advantage : I then formed a table of corrections, while two learned natives

were severally engaged in the same labour ; but, finding their tables to differ considerably from each other, I have reduced them to a short compass by omitting every doubtful emendation, and every grammatical error, by which no *Persian* scholar could be misled. In many places the common orthographical marks are omitted (as they are, indeed, in the best manuscripts), and in some places they are added, where the sense or the metre necessarily requires their omission : between some few words the copulative is erroneously inserted, and between others it is inaccurately omitted, having probably dropped out in the press-work : lastly, some couplets are evidently transposed, especially in the dialogue between MAJNU'N and LAILI's mother, where I suspected on the first perusal of it, that near thirty distichs were out of their place ; but I had not the courage to depart from the authority of my manuscript in a most pathetic episode, where it might have been the poet's design to break the usual connexion of ideas in minds distracted with anguish ; as the great *Italian* composers often violate every rule of harmony in expressing tumultuous passions. On the whole, the book is by no means perfect ; but, since it is far more correct than any *Persian* or *Arabic* book of the same length, that I ever perused, I am fully convinced that it will afford the reader as much delight, as I have myself received, and shall continue to receive, from it.

The best guide in amending all poetical works is an accurate knowledge of the measures, in which they are composed ; yet a want of that knowledge in editors of *Greek* and *Arabian* poems, has been the occasion of so many mistakes, that a collection of them would fill a volume : in *Persian* few poems have been printed ; but, if GENTIUS had only been able to distinguish prose from verse, as it is manifest that he was not able, he would have done more justice to the beautiful *Gulista'n*, which he had the merit of selecting for publication. The measure of the poem before us, which has enabled me to correct a number of lines in it, is exactly in this form :

*Lex omnibus impera're debét,*

with a strong accent on the *second, seventh, and tenth* syllables ; and it is very remarkable, that almost every couplet in that measure may be transposed, by an easy change of the accent, into common *English* verse : thus HA'TIFI' says,

*ān t'orfah sahī kadī gulendām*  
*az kais robūd s'abru ārām,*  
*hūdī birokhī nicūyi ù shād,*  
*vaz khwāb u khoresh nayāmadi yād,*  
*īshk āmad u der du sīnah jā card,*  
*khodr ā bidu yār āshnā card,*  
*bāz āmadi u bihem nishastī,*  
*vaz goft u shenīd leb nabastī,*  
*īshān ghemi dīl bīcas nagoftend,*  
*rāzi del az īn u ān nagoftend.*

These five distichs may be thus translated in the measure of the original :

With cheeks, where eternal paradīse bloóm'd,  
 Sweet *Laili* the soul of *Kais* had consúm'd ;  
 Transpórted her heav'nly grāces he vièw'd,  
 Of slumber no more he thought, nor of foód :  
 Love rais'd in their glowing bósoms his thróne,  
 Adópting the chosen pair as his ówn,  
 Togéther on flow'ry seāts they repós'd ;  
 Their līps not one idle móment were clós'd :  
 To mórtals they gave no hīnt of their smārt ;  
 Love ónly the secret dréw from each heārt.

And a bare transposition of the accents gives us five *English* couplets in the form, which some call heroic, and others, elegiac :

With cheeks, where paradīse eternal bloom'd,  
 Sweet *Laili* had the soul of *Kais* consum'd ;  
 Her heav'nly grāces he transported view'd ;  
 No more he thought of slumber or of food,  
 Love in their glowing bosoms rais'd his throne,  
 The chosen pair adopting as his own.

On flow'ry seats together they repos'd ;  
 Their lips one idle moment were not clos'd ;  
 No hint they gave to mortals of their smart ;  
 Love only drew the secret from each heart.

Nevertheless, if the whole poem should ever be translated into *English* (by me it certainly never will), I would recommend a version in modulated, but unaffected, prose in preference to rhymed couplets ; and, though not a single image or thought should be added by the translator, yet it would be allowable to omit several conceits, which would appear unbecoming in an *European* dress ; for the poem, with all its beauties, has conceits in it, like the black spots on some very beautiful flowers ; but they are neither so numerous nor so unpleasant, as those in the poem of VENUS and ADONIS, and we cannot with justice show less indulgence to a poet of *Iràn*, than we all show to our immortal countryman, SHAKSPEARE.

I wish I could conceal the principal object of this publication, without impeding or delaying the object itself ; but, since I am conscious, that what I am going to add has the appearance only of ostentation, and that my purpose cannot be answered, unless it be speedily and generally known, I think it necessary to declare, that the property of the whole impression belongs from this moment to the attorney for the poor in the Supreme Court, in trust for the miserable persons under execution for debt in the prison of *Calcutta* : should all the copies be sold, there will be near twelve thousand Sicca Rupees in the hands of the trustee, who will immediately apply them, without any distinction of religion or country, to the effectual relief, as far as they will extend, of such prisoners as have been longest confined, and are not relievable by the rules of the Court. This assistance, I fear, will set at liberty but few of the unhappy men, who now suffer the worst of human misfortunes ; but it is possible, that the liberality of the public may, in some mode or another, extend itself to those who remain in prison ; for, even if the legislature should ultimately relieve them, yet

multitudes of them will perish, and all must wish to perish, before any relief can arrive from *Europe*.

The incorrectness of modern *Arabian* and *Persian* books is truly deplorable : nothing can preserve them in any degree of accuracy but the art of printing ; and, if *Asiatic* literature should ever be general, it must diffuse itself, as *Greek* learning was diffused in *Italy* after the taking of *Constantinople*, by mere impressions of the best manuscripts without versions or comments, which future scholars would add at their leisure to future editions ; but no printer could engage in so expensive a business, without the patronage and the purse of monarchs or states or societies of wealthy individuals, or at least without a large public subscription : there are printers in *Bengal*, who, if they were duly encouraged, would give us editions of HA'FIZ and SADI, or, perhaps, of NIZA'MI' and FIRDAUSI' ; and there are indigent natives of eminent learning, who would gladly correct the press for a small monthly salary. I shall ever be ready to promote such undertakings as a subscriber, but shall never more appear as an editor or a translator of any *Persian* book whatever.

W. JONES.







